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From a photograph by Abbe

ELSIE JANIS OF THE U. S. A.

Who probably did more than any other American artist to entertain the boys in France, has just returned from "over there" after receiving the courtesy title of General

THE PAST SEASON—A GREAT SUCCESS

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE



ACCORDING to all the rules, the theatrical season of 191819 should now be closed. No, Esmeralda, the printer did not accidentally omit the hyphen in "191819." I did it with my little typewriter and some brief premeditation. The Theatrical Season has not closed at all, and threatens to run smash into the next theatrical season without so much as a single seam or any vestige of a hiatus being apparent, and I simply could not resist the temptation to put it "191819."

Here we are, well into the eleventh month of the season, with thirty of our leading theatres drawing crowds every night to thirty as good attractions as ever kept a pessimistic box-office man busy asking "How many?"

This season is much like Mark Twain's famous tunnel that was bored through a mountain and straight on across a valley into another mountain. Our Theatrical Season is going straight on across the warm-weather valley into the mountain of the 1919-1920 season. If Omar, the Tent-maker, had foreseen New York's love of the theatre he doubtless would have given us more months when he fixed up the calendar. The only hope the managers have now of extending the season lies in the adoption of the very recent plan to divide the year into thirteen months of twenty-eight days each.



TO the seemingly eternal annual question: "What can you say of this theatrical season?" the replies are:

MANAGERS—"A great Success!"

HIGHBROWS—"A paucity of the aesthetic!"

LOWBROWS—"Too much problem guff and hifalutin' junk!"

PRUDES—"Horror! Six stage bedrooms this season!"

CRITICS—"So many first nights, fearfully wearing on our dress suit!"

JOHN AND JANE DOE—"Most entertaining and best theatrical season ever!"

SPECULATORS—"Times ain't what they used to be last year!"

THE PLAYERS—"Success due solely to us!"

DRAMATISTS—(See reply by the Players.)

PRODUCERS—(See statement by Dramatists.)

UNCLE SAM—"Thanks for the luxury tax!"

And here's hoping that from now on our Theatrical Seasons will be like Tennyson's brook and just run and run forever.

There were ninety-eight new plays this season (but as this is written a week before going to press the total may be 198 by the time you read this), and of these they were divided something like this:

Twenty-three serious plays, aside from the funny ones that died the first week.

Seventeen melodramas without the aid of kidnapped juvenile heirs or stolen papers.

Nine of the romantic school, each one of which contained the original line "I love you" that thrilled flappers and ancient maiden ladies.

Twenty-seven comedies in which the producers measured and timed the laughs as a doctor feels your pulse and drops your medicine with a fountain-pen filler.

TWENTY-TWO farces in which the situation of mistaken identity was used only twenty-two times.

By all odds the very best play of this or any other season was not produced. I have this information on the highest of authority—from the young man who wrote it.

On the other hand, the very worst play of the season was produced over and over. I know this from the criticisms. There were a number of these very worst plays—they are still running.

There was a play adapted from a play that was adapted from Boccaccio, that gasped along two weeks. It might have been all right for our sophisticated High School youngsters, but it proved too, too much for our Men-About-Town.



ONE of the most interesting features of this season has been a few Loud Yawps from gentlemen of the Pulpit to the effect that the Stage was disrupting the morals of the country. We were just beginning to believe this when many more Gentlemen of the Pulpit rushed into print with the cheering information that "As the newspaper is the right hand of Government, so is the Stage the right hand of the Church"; in other words, "All's well with the stage."

The fact seems to be that our Theatrical Season just merging into the next Theatrical Season, with scarcely a boundary line to divide them, has been the most successful of any to all concerned, with one great exception, the ticket speculators.

Time was when, with our lady fair on our arm, we sought tickets at the last moment, and had to either look like a piker in the eyes of said lady fair or allow the speculator to gouge us about two dollars more than the ticket was worth. But now the blindfolded lady with the scales decrees that we shall be gouged no more than one-half dollar per ticket. Naturally we are very much indebted to Lady Justice.



ACCORDING to some of the critics, it isn't at all nice or proper for a young married couple to retire. Nor is it nice to use as a sort of "plot" a dainty intimate garment yclept "chemise" or something like that. Quite a howl went up over the advent this season of six bedroom farces, some of which are still running and making decided hits. That is, quite a howl went up on the part of a few critics. The dramatic critics out of town who rely upon the New York papers for their fund of knowledge of what's not at all what in stagemod here in New York, copied the criticisms, for which all concerned in these bedroom farces are truly grateful. Everyone out of town who read about them invented an excuse for getting to New York as soon as possible, with at least one night over to see one of the several bedroom farces.

In all the bedroom farces the exposure was ankles, wrists and neck. There is enough exposure in one roof show to make something

like thirty-two million bedroom farces, according to a noted statistician.

We had other plays, too, pure and simple. There was no hint of a bed in them. No, indeed. They were as pure as pure, or possibly more so. Their themes were along such innocent lines as "To be a mother or not to be a mother," or "To dwell with one's cook or not to do thusly," or to correctly guess which of two sisters was the mother of the leading man's chee-ild! Fortunately, such innocent plays as these leavened the horror of the six bedroom farces.

"A great deal of rubbish got over the footlights," wrote one reviewer. Which may or may not be true. We do know that a great deal of rubbish got over the book store counters, also the meat market counters, across the movie screens and elsewhere. Every pure, cooling breeze blows up a little dust. We have had the biggest and busiest theatrical season on record. Not all of the attractions were alike!

Something ought to be done to remedy this. Why not do with the drama as the dress reformists propose to do—have one standard pattern for dress and compel every woman to wear it?

We'd see some funny sights, of course.



ON second thought, perhaps, the standard patterns wouldn't work. When we think of Miss Fetherwate, five feet eleven and a half inches tall and weighing 87 pounds stri—no. No! Heaven forbid! We mean dressed. I say when we see her and Mrs. Ava D. Poise standing four feet nine in her French heels and breaking the scales at 297¾ pounds—when we see these ladies wearing the same cut garment, we get an idea of how the standard-pattern drama would fit us.

You see, the trouble is, some of us have a Fetherwate mind and others an Ava D. Poise mind, and we sort of need different plays to measure up (or down, as the case may be) to our minds.

Someone has publicly regretted that the Great American Drama did not appear this year.

The Great American Drama appears every year, along with the Great American Grouch and the Great American Peeve and the Great American Sorehead.

There's nothing the matter with the Stage.

There's nothing the matter with the Producers.

There's nothing the matter with the Dramatists.

There's nothing the matter with the Theatre-goers.

Sometimes our shoe dealer sends out a Number 5 for a Number 8 foot, or a Number 9 for a Number 6 foot; then we put up a brief howl, but we do not condemn all the shoes in the world.

Sometimes a man attends a show that doesn't fit him, and he howls. But there is no need of it; we have a sufficient variety of shows this season to fit every mental condition.

The Theatrical Season of 191819 is a corker!



Abbe

HELEN CLARKE

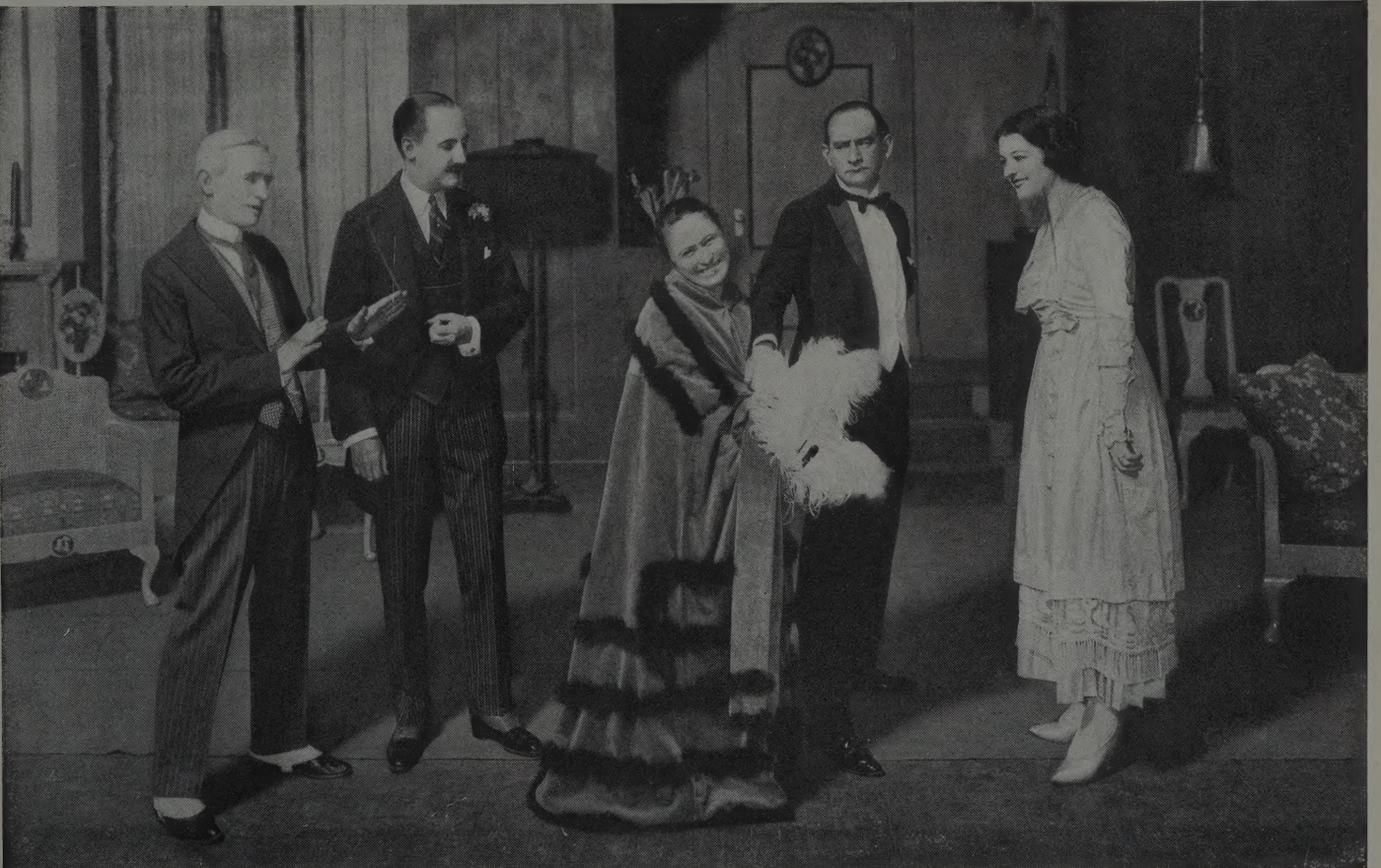
Broadway liked this attractive young dancer so well in "Oh, My Deary," that she was engaged again for "La La Lucille"



Abbe

MARJORIE BENTLEY

The saucy dancer, who adds to the complications of "La La Lucille," was but recently the premiere danseuse at the Hippodrome



White

J. Clarence Harvey, Alfred Hall, Eleanor Daniels, John E. Hazzard and Janet Velie

THE WIFE THINKS IT SAFE TO LET THE JANITRESS ACT AS CO-RESPONDENT

"LA LA LUCILLE," A FARCE WITH MUSIC, AT HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE

ALL SORTS OF HAMLETS

*From the scholarly art of John Philip Kemble
to the ripped sabie hose of Edmund Russell*

By HAROLD SETON



THE recent success of Walter Hampden and Fritz Leiber in their two distinct interpretations of "Hamlet" has once more opened the old Shakespearian controversy: Was the Melancholy Prince insane, or merely simulating madness the better to trap the murderer of his kingly father? The discussion revives memories of the great Hamlets that have crossed the world's mimic stage and of others who were not so great.

Richard Burbage was born in 1567 and died in 1619. He was the best known actor of the Elizabethan stage, and played the principal parts in Shakespeare's pieces. By a curious coincidence, the actor, like the author, was born in the little town of Stratford-on-Avon. At an early age he appeared as a player, and by the time he was twenty, had established a reputation. During the next dozen years his fame steadily increased. With his brother, Cuthbert, he built the Globe Theatre, in London, celebrated for its connection with Shakespeare. This theatre was a summer playhouse, the one at Blackfriars, which was roofed in, being utilized in winter. In this venture Burbage had Shakespeare as a partner, both being members of the Lord Chamberlain's company of players. Burbage created many famous rôles, and, from "A Funeral Elegy," of which several versions exist, it seems certain that he was the original Hamlet, Othello, and Lear.

Says the elegiast—

*He's gone, and with him what a world is dead, . . .
No more young Hamlet, old Hieronimo,
Kind Lear, the grieved Moor, and more beside
That lived in him have now forever died.*

And Austin Dobson has a rondeau in which we are reminded that—

*When Burbage played, the stage was bare
Of fount and temple, tower and stair;
Two backwords eked a battle out;
Two supers made a rubble rout;
The Throne of Denmark was a chair!
And yet, no less the audience there
Thrilled through all changes of Despair,
Hope, Anger, Fear, Delight, and Doubt,
When Burbage played!*



WHAT a fascinating subject to contemplate! Yet how incongruous to imagine "the melancholy Dane" playing opposite a "female impersonator"! There were no women on the stage in Shakespeare's time and the part of Ophelia was created by a boy with a falsetto voice. When the lads' voices "changed," they relinquished feminine rôles for masculine ones. Juliet became Romeo, Portia became Shylock, and Ophelia became Hamlet. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction!

Thomas Betterton was born in 1635 and died in 1710. He was apprenticed to a bookseller who subsequently organized a theatrical troupe. In this way the young man was transferred from a shop to the stage. In 1661 he was a member of Sir William Davenant's company, at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, and soon became a favorite, despite the natural disadvantages of a low voice, small eyes, and an ungainly figure. The best contemporary judges, such as Steele,

Cibber, Pepys, and Pope, enthusiastically proclaim the excellence of his interpretations. His repertoire was an extensive one, including many of Shakspeare's plays, Hamlet being especially admired. Early in his career he was sent to Paris by Charles II, to study the French theatre, with a view to improving the English, this visit familiarizing the young actor with the work of Molière. When he played the part of Alvaro, in "Love and Honor," the king graciously lent his coronation robes. And yet, such were the standards of the day, at no time in his stage career did Betterton receive a larger salary than four pounds a week! To us the thought of a "twenty-dollar Hamlet" seems preposterous. But *autre temps, autre mœurs!*



DAVID Garrick was born in 1717 and died in 1779. His first appearance was at the Goodman's Fields Theatre, where he at once attracted attention. In fact, he created a furore. Gray declared that the town was "horn-mad" about Garrick. After a time, the actor assumed the management of Drury Lane Theatre, and, during a connection that lasted twenty years, he produced a great variety of plays, including twenty-four by Shakespeare. Many of these pieces were "altered" and "adapted" to suit the convenience or conceit of the "star." For instance, Garrick added a dying speech to the text of Macbeth, played the part in modern dress and took great liberties with "The Merchant of Venice." Tate Wilkinson wrote that Garrick's production of Hamlet, in 1773, was well received at Drury Lane Theatre, even by the galleries, "though without their favorite acquaintances, the grave-diggers!" Pitt declared that Garrick was the best actor the English stage had ever produced. Pope avowed that Garrick had no equal, and would have no rival. Horace Walpole added that there were a dozen dukes of a night to see Garrick's performance. Grimm extolled Garrick as the first and only actor who came up to the demands of his imagination. Johnson said, in his "Lives of the Poets," that the death of Garrick had eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure. The famous actor was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the foot of Shakespeare's statue. But think of Hamlet without the grave-diggers! Every bit as bad as Hamlet without the Ghost!



JOHN Philip Kemble was born in 1757 and died in 1823. He was the eldest son of Roger Kemble, and was a brother of Sarah Siddons. He was educated for the priesthood, but, at the completion of a four-year course, he turned from the pulpit to the playhouse, adopting the stage as his profession in 1776. Gradually he made a name for himself as a capable performer, and this, combined with the great fame of his sister, led to an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, where he made his first appearance in 1783, as Hamlet. He was well received, but it was not until 1785, when he played Macbeth, that he actually shared in the honors bestowed upon Mrs. Siddons.

Brother and sister appeared together as King John and Constance, and as Othello and Desdemona, being hailed as the greatest actor and actress of the day. His elocutionary art, his fine sense of rhythm and emphasis enabled him to excel in declamation, but physically he was incapable of giving expression to impetuous vehemence and searching pathos. One of his greatest triumphs was in his own version of "Coriolanus," the character of "the noble Roman" being especially suited to "the noble Kemble." His appointment as manager of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1788, enabled him to clothe the characters with less respect for tradition and more regard for correctness. Up to that time actors had appeared in contemporary costumes, and Kemble himself had enacted Hamlet and Macbeth in satin knee-breeches, and a powdered periwig. The word "anachronism" was unknown in those days—apparently!

William Henry West Betty was born in 1791 and died in 1874. He lives in theatrical history as "The Infant Roscius." From early childhood he was remarkably precocious. He manifested an aptitude for memorizing dramatic verse, and this accomplishment was encouraged by his talented mother. Witnessing a performance by Mrs. Siddons, he resolved to become an actor, and so, in 1803, when he was twelve years of age, he made his stage début. During his first month in the theatre he played four different parts, each the principal rôle in a production. One of these was Romeo. His success was extraordinary and he added Hamlet to his repertoire! These appearances were at Belfast and Dublin, and in 1804, when he was thirteen years of age, he made his London début, at Covent Garden Theatre. The troops had to be called out to preserve order, so great was the crush to obtain admittance. Ireland had been enthusiastic, but England went into ecstasies. Covent Garden engaged Master Betty for twelve performances, at fifty guineas each. Immediately afterwards, Drury Lane engaged him for twenty-eight performances, at seventy-five guineas each.



SUCH salaries were without precedent. During the Drury Lane engagement the gross receipts amounted to more than seventeen thousand pounds. George III presented him to the queen and the princesses. On one occasion the House of Commons adjourned in order to be in time for the performance of Hamlet. The town lost its head completely. A provincial tour was followed by a London reappearance, in 1805, when twenty-four performances were divided between Covent Garden and Drury Lane. In 1808 he made his last appearance as a boy-actor. After studying at Cambridge University, Betty returned to the stage, in 1812, meeting with merely moderate success in London, although he continued to tour the provinces until 1824, when he retired to enjoy the fortune acquired during the early popularity. We "moderns" can only marvel that a thirteen-year-old Romeo and Hamlet could ever be taken seriously, or regarded as anything but a "freak" exhibition, like "the Living Skeleton," etc. (Concluded on page 56)



Viola Allen Henry Stanford

Amidst the beautiful surroundings of the Sleepy Hollow Country Club at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., prominent artists recently gave Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" led by Viola Allen. Many well known society people attended. The above picture shows one of the dancing scenes



Photos © Underwood and Underwood

George Hare as Feste, a clown, servant to Olivia in "Twelfth Night" at Ye Old Garden Theatre

(Below)

George Vivian, Percival Vivian, Philip Tonge and Sidney Greenstreet in the Letter Scene, the foliage lending a picturesque background



AN OUTDOOR PERFORMANCE OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"

TEMPER OR TEMPERAMENT—WHICH?

*When players owe each other a grudge
they act very much as other mortals do*

By ROBERT W. THORNE



POETS, painters, and players often boast of possessing "temperament," believing that the term signifies inspiration and genius. As a matter of fact, "temperament" is frequently synonymous with "temper," especially where players are concerned. Instead of trying to curb this characteristic, many actors and actresses positively cultivate it. Innumerable instances could be cited as cases in point, but the following will suffice as typical examples in which prominent persons are concerned.

Last season a male star and his leading-lady were on terms of pleasant intimacy. The star had provided the costumes worn by the women in the company, but the leading-lady had never been satisfied with her evening gown in the second act. At last she decided to buy a new frock, paying for it out of her own pocket. She kept the matter a secret. She intended it for a surprise. On a certain night the star was on the stage, proceeding with the second act, when the leading-lady appeared, radiant in black-and-silver instead of white-and-gold. The star stopped and stared, forgetting his lines for a moment, and then stumbling over their delivery. The leading-lady had surprised him, but not as she had intended to do! As a result, she was not permitted to play the part for the next three weeks, although her salary was paid her each Saturday. The disgust of the leading-lady was only surpassed by the delight of the understudy.



THIS matter of costumes often creates a difference of opinion. The people who pay for the clothes and the people who wear them sometimes disagree as to what constitutes "style" and "suitability." A certain actress was given a gown which cost a lot of money, but annoyed her exceedingly. Every performance, before and after wearing the frock, she beat it against the walls of her dressing-room, and in other ways ill-treated her fragile finery so that within a few weeks the taffeta had cracked and become threadbare. The gown was then shown to the manager, who replaced it with another. But this proved to be a case of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the second dress was even less becoming than the first.

David Belasco is very wise in regard to the clothes for the members of his companies. He does the most sensible thing possible, for he directs the men and women to go to the tailor or dressmaker the characters they impersonate would be likely to patronize. Thus poor people wear cheap clothes, middle-class people wear average clothes, and society people wear fashionable attire. Sophisticated New Yorkers have sometimes smiled over the costly raiment of a poor working-girl impersonated by a leading-lady with no Belasco to guide her. An actress who has now deserted the speakies for the movies once went to great pains to see that the other women in the company wore gowns appropriately inexpensive, and then went to a Fifth Avenue modiste for her own attire, although, in the play all the characters were supposed to be in humble circumstances.

Stage properties, or "props," are generally placed in position at the final rehearsal at the

direction of the producer or the star, and each object remains in that particular place for the run of the piece, whether that be for weeks, months, or years. Now and then the position of a chair or a table displeases some member of the company, who remonstrates in vain with the stage-manager and property-man. Last season an actress in a Broadway production had an effective exit, after a scene with the leading-man. She complained that a pedestal just outside the door was in the way. On the pedestal was a bronze figure holding an electric light. Her remarks were ignored. So one night she purposely bumped against the pedestal as she left the room, causing the bronze figure and the electric light to crash upon the stage. The leading-man was disconcerted and the scene was interfered with. After that there was no pedestal in the doorway.



WHEN two people in a company dislike each other, there are many ways in which they can be disagreeable. Now and then they can steal a laugh or queer some business. When the plot calls for physical violence, they can provide unusual realism. In this way two men, two women, or a man and a woman, have fought together, giving vent to their private malice through public exhibitions. Actors feigning duels have managed to actually wound their antagonists, and men and women struggling together have been bruised and battered. A few seasons ago two actresses were called upon to play an outraged wife and the cause of the trouble. In the big scene of the play the wife grappled with the adventuress, seizing her by the throat, and stretching her across a table. The adventuress finally retired from the cast, which was just what the wife desired, so after that the strangling scene was much less strenuous.

Another case was in a play in which the leading-lady had some effective scenes with a child. The actress took a dislike to the little girl, and, while she fondled and caressed her, clapping the little darling to her breast, she pinched the innocent victim of her uncalled-for resentment until the poor child was black and blue. During this exhibition the women in the audience sobbed audibly. The property-man at the theatre felt so sorry for the child that he gave her a doll.



A MALE star, who was possessed of marked ability and many eccentricities, became notorious for his irritability, which was the outgrowth of his egotism and conceit. He is now no more, but tales are still told of his peculiarities. In an important production he introduced a new leading lady to Broadway. The young woman made a great hit, and was praised by the critics. This annoyed the star. Therefore, when the girl, who had been engaged at a small salary, approached the star, and asked for an increase, he pretended not to know her, and when she insisted that she played an important part, he retorted that he played all the important parts, the rest of the company being supernumeraries. So the girl left the cast, and secured an excellent engagement, becoming a star on her own account.

A woman who was immensely popular a generation ago was given unusual opportunities by a doting manager. She played at a leading theatre, was provided with elaborate productions, and was supported by an excellent company. On one occasion a member of the company proved to be altogether too excellent. In an English melodrama the newcomer played the villainess, while the star played the heroine. On the opening night the adventuress was applauded vociferously. The next day the papers lauded her performance. The star asked the manager to discharge the newcomer. The manager demurred. The star said she would go if the newcomer did not. So the newcomer only acted one night, and was immediately replaced. The star is now dead, and the adventuress has become a general favorite.

During the past season a curious instance occurred which shows the lengths to which persons possessed of "temperament" will go. A play was tried out on the road. It made a hit, and so did the leading lady. The manager arranged to bring the piece to New York, but decided on a popular actress as the star. The creator of the rôle remonstrated, but to no avail. The play came to Broadway, and the star gained fresh triumphs. But she soon began to receive anonymous letters containing terrifying threats. Among other things, she was warned that vitriol would be thrown in her face unless she stopped playing that part. She became so disturbed that her health was affected, and she had to retire temporarily.



THERE have been instances in which understudies have played important rôles under circumstances that were, to say the least, suspicious. A leading man in a certain company was understudied by a fellow who was extremely ambitious, frequently expressing his great desire to act the part, and his keen regret at the slight possibility, for the leading man was never ill. At last, one day the leading man was suddenly indisposed, and the understudy had his chance, and made good. But the doctor reported that the leading man had been poisoned, and it was regarded as significant that the stricken actor had lunched with the understudy in the latter's room on the day the alarming symptoms had been manifested.

The members of a company in which two well-known actors were co-starred were amused or amazed by the constant clashes between the two gentlemen who in the play were supposed to be the best of friends. It was only with the greatest difficulty that actual violence was prevented, and civility was a mere pretense. The company was like the proverbial "house divided against itself." And, as for some of the all-star casts assembled for popular revivals, they are not only divided, but sub-divided, into as many factions as there are stars. In one such constellation the heroine insisted that the hero ate garlic to annoy her, and the hero insisted that the heroine was all pin-points to aggravate him.

It is a moot point as to just how far one may safely go with these exhibitions of "temperament." There were two sisters who were young and pretty, sang sweetly and danced divinely. They were featured (Concluded on page 56)

(Below)

George White, Lois Leigh and Mabel Withee, in the Long Island bedroom farce scene



(Below)

The "Flirtation Dance," by Ann Pennington and George White



(Above)

George White sings with his feet, the girls with their voices, in this picturesque Spanish number



Photos White

George White and some of the prettiest of the scandalmongers in "The Scandals of 1919"

THE "SCANDALS OF 1919" DANCE INTO BROADWAY

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



(Right)

JEANNETTE TOURNEUR, who plays the chic French girl in the overseas revue, "Toot Sweet," pronounces the word "bluff" with an accent, but she knows the fullness of its meaning. The attractive Parisienne, who has latterly lived in Montreal, had never been on the stage when she opened with "Toot Sweet." When she applied to Will Morrissey for a part, she did not admit lack of experience. She indulged in the usual fib which is accounted harmless when told by an aspirant to a manager. Her first appearance out of town was a dank failure. The manager gently but firmly performed the operation of amputation, but told her to watch her successor while she herself played scenery and atmosphere. The little girl from Paris watched and absorbed and was coached by Elizabeth Brice, the star, and Will Morrissey, the manager, with such diligence that she pleased the most captious audience in the world,—an assemblage of New York first-nighters.



Photo Edward
Thayer Monroe



Apeda

(Top)

JESSIE GLENDINNING is an excellent actress by right of intelligence, heredity and marriage. The first she demonstrates eight times a week by her performance of the nurse in "Love Laughs." The second is undoubted for she is the daughter of that sterling English actor, the late John Glendinning. By marriage she was once associated with the house of Miller. She was the wife of Gilbert Miller and furnished Henry Miller his first taste of the sweets of grandfatherhood. Her small daughter, Dorothy, is her gifted mother's knee height. Miss Glendinning, beside having all these ties, is a sister of the successful and recently married Ernest. She has played ingenue rôles with William Collier and John Drew's companies. She was seen in "The White Feather" and "The Man Who Stayed at Home."



Harold Harvey

(Left)

AN exotic atmosphere hangs about LA SYLPHE in "Scandals of 1919." She is the daughter of a clergyman. Her father occupied a New York pulpit. But because the Gerry Society forbade her appearance in the metropolis, the little girl of six with the India rubber muscles went abroad, capably chaperoned, of course, by her mother. Her training as a dancer was conducted in London, Paris, Brussels and Milan. She has made four round-the-world tours. She was *première danseuse* at the Alhambra Music Hall in London. It was in "The Vision of Salome" that she was reintroduced to her own country.

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



GARRICK. Theatre Guild in "JOHN FERGUSON," Play in four acts by St. John Ervine, produced May 12 with this cast:

Sarah	Helen Westley
John Ferguson	Augustin Duncan
Hannah	Helen Freeman
Clutie	Henry Herbert
James Caesar	Dudley Digges
Andrew	Rollo Peters
H. Withrow	S. Roger Lytton
Postman	Walter Geer

DURING its brief preliminary season at the Garrick, the Theatre Guild demonstrated its right to live. It proved its capacity to take a leading and living place in the theatrical activity of this city. It is to be hoped that the public response will be such that next year it may further emphasize its real usefulness in disseminating a knowledge of a certain phase of drama which present commercial necessities preclude.

Its directors in its propaganda wish distinctly to remove the misconception that its purpose is "non-commercial." On the contrary its plans are based on what it regards as sound commercial policy. That as the average manager believes only in plays that will run for a season, it is convinced that there is a very positive public interested in "enjoyable plays of quality" and that the production of five or more such pieces in the course of a season will serve a distinct purpose in widening the public's familiarity with a class of entertainment—not necessarily high-brow—but of a kind that the millions never did nor never will clamor for.

Such reasoning is sound. Publishers will still go on printing the works of Conrad and Galsworthy even though a rival in the mean time is selling a million copies of "Freckles." There is no logical reason why some of us should ever be deprived of the chance to see and hear "John Ferguson," because the great public prefers "Way Down East" to St. John Ervine's study of Northern Irish life. Produced for one week only, the demand was such that its run was extended for more than a month, a practical evidence that a good thing will always find admirers.

"John Ferguson" is a good thing. It is an admirable play in construction, character drawing and dia-

logue. It has literary quality and while severely drear in story—it is really a tragedy, quite like a Greek one in its fatalistic trend,—is finely stimulating and positively compelling in its fascinating obsession.

The acting, especially by the men, was of a very high order of histrionic merit, particularly the title rôle by Augustin Duncan. His son, of a more pessimistic and wordly practical term of mind, takes on a real tinge of poetical stolidity as pictured by Rollo Peters. The errant beggar, "Clutie" John Magrath, not strong in the head, a half-wit, largely responsible through his elfish persistency for the tragedy, is presented by Henry Herbert with fine pictorial significance; while a character sketch of brilliant intensity, fine artistic balance and genuine dramatic power is contributed by Dudley Digges as the boastful Jimmy Caesar, at heart an arrant coward. Helen Westley's staccato style was out of place as Ferguson's wife, but Helen Freeman as the daughter, willing to sacrifice herself to revive the family fortunes was emotionally effective.

BIJOU. "LOVE LAUGHS." Comedy in three acts by George D. Parker. Produced May 20 with this cast:

Matthew Smith	Arthur Allen
Beverly Phillips	Katherine Alexander
Mrs. Norton	Ida Waterman
Dr. John Norton	Lionel Adams
Burke	Charles Greene
Montgomery Kent	Harold Hendee
Helen Moore	Jessie Glendinning
Sylvester Marrabel	Harold West
Marie	Beatrice Yorke

TWO shows for the price of one" might well be the slogan of "Love Laughs," the three-act piece which Edwin E. Kohn recently offered at the Bijou. It is really two plays—one a comedy of propinquity and love, the other a melodrama of "stolen" gems and midnight burglary—neatly dovetailed somewhere near the middle of Act II.

In the beginning a misogynist nerve specialist is besought by a love-struck bachelor who asks to be made sick so that he can be nursed by his innamorata. Propinquity, says the bachelor, will bring about the desired engagement. Taunted as a "piker" the doctor administers what appears to be a saturated solution

of blue vitriol, and the ten days' illness is on.

Propinquity, in fact, does its work. It is the doctor's ward, however, to whom the bachelor becomes affianced, while the physician himself wins the heart of the nurse. All this requires no more than an act and a half to recount, and thereafter show number two begins.

The charming nurse is really not a nurse at all. She is merely a famous London specialist's daughter. Her father, a widower, is about to marry a much younger woman, and daughter has fled with her mother's jewels. Father sends a detective to recover the gems without arresting the girl. The detective is breaking into the American doctor's safe in Act III when everybody else in the house happens in, and the explanations are forthcoming.

The chief claim to interest in "Love Laughs," lies more in the laughs than in the love. With a more gifted company, much of the piece would have been very funny, indeed. As it is, there are many amusing moments, most of them connected with the artificially induced illness. By far the best moments of the show occur, however, immediately after the rise of the first curtain during a scene which delightfully satirizes the mental healing fad.

This scene is animated by an excellent character bit contributed by Arthur Allen, who, unfortunately, never returns to the scene thereafter. He is aided by Katherine Alexander, a strikingly handsome, though extensive, young woman, who plays the specialist's fad-hunting ward. Lionel Adams is the doctor, and Harold Hendee, the love-struck bachelor. The honors, however, go to Jessie Glendinning as the nurse. She succeeds in seeming like a real person.

LIBERTY. "SCANDALS OF 1919." Musical review. Book and lyrics by Arthur Jackson and George White, music by Richard Whiting. Produced on June 2 with this cast:

Ann Pennington	George Bickel
Mabel Withee	Lester Allen
Yvette Rugel	Al Sexton
La Sylphe	Bennett and Richards
Ethel Delmar	Lowell B. Drew
Dorothy St. Clair	Bert Hanlon
Lois Leigh	Larry Beck
Ona Munson	James Miller

George White



KATHRYN PERRY
Well-known Ziegfeld
girl who combines
beauty with simplicity

Photos Alfred Cheney Johnston



MAURESETTE

A Lucille model promoted this season to the "Follies" ranks



BETTY HALE

A newcomer who is likely to gain many admirers

B E A U T Y C O M E S T O T O W N



MARTHA MANSFIELD

A study, by Alfred Cheney Johnston, of one of
the prettiest flowers in Ziegfeld's beauty bouquet

IN THE "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"

AMERICA, having of late almost no stage satire worthy of the name, has taken to substituting vaudeville hodge-podges under the misleading caption of revues. The latest of these is George White's "Scandals of 1919," which, purporting to flick at the foibles of the time with the lash of travesty, does nothing of the sort.

Instead, it arrives at whatever entertainment features it possesses through the individual work of a few vaudeville experts and a lavish expenditure of money for costumes, if not for scenery. In brief, these 1919 scandals consist solely of a handsome chorus, handsomely gowned, a regiment of expert dancers, and one singing voice. The voice, be it noted, is that of Miss Yvette Rugel (who doesn't look the least bit yvettish), and she uses it to sing the same songs that she floated over the footlights at the Palace a few weeks earlier. Indeed, Miss Rugel still wears her vaudeville gowns.

Undoubtedly, the "1919 Scandals" have their high spots. The highest one of all is, curiously enough, the most diminutive—that is to say, Ann Pennington. Anybody who doesn't like Ann Pennington all the time ought never to be permitted inside a theatre. Miss Pennington is a Jazz Baby, as she so freely admits. And dancing which, if done by others, would be sadly vulgar, when done by her becomes innocently fetching. I refer particularly to that recent popular dance which suggests one of the favorite beverages at the old-fashioned drugstore.

The next high spot is supplied by a team known as Bennett and Richards. The smaller of the two does some extraordinarily grotesque and dynamic dancing. There are as many smiles in this gentleman's legs, I might say, as there are dimples in Ann Pennington's; and that is rare praise, indeed.

Also there is La Sylphe, a young woman who makes contortion a blessing, but not as some other dancers contort. George White, of course, is unlimited in his ability as a conventional variety stepper, and his assistants, including the chorus, are all well trained.

As for the comedy part—alas and alack! George Bickel is there—he who used to be so amusing in the old "Follies" with Harry Watson, and now as mirthful as a pallbearer. One Lowell Drew by his buffoonery draws a few snickers—and that's about all.

The feeble attempts at burlesque involve a Long Island bedroom farce scene and murder trial, a Peacock

Alley scene, a hospital skit, and unlimited gibing at prohibition. It is all as subtle as a Big Bertha and almost as deadly. "Why do we have prohibition?"—"Because this is a free country"—about sums up the wit for which Arthur Jackson and George White claim credit.

When there was so much money to be spent, Mr. White might have set aside a few dollars for a good scenario writer.

HENRY MILLER'S. "La, La, LUCILLE!" Farce with music. Book by Fred Jackson, music by George Gershwin; lyrics by Arthur J. Jackson and B. G. De Silva. Produced on May 26 with this cast:

Johnathon Jaynes	J. Clarence Harvey
Lucille Jaynes Smith	Janet Velie
John Smith	John E. Hazzard
Oyama	M. Rale
Nicholas Grimsby	Maurice Cass
Thomas Brady	Sager Midgely
Mrs. Thomas Brady	
	Cordelia MacDonald
Allan Brady	John Lowe
Reginald Blackwood	Alfred Hall
Fanny	Eleanor Daniels
Mlle. Victorine	Marjorie Bentley
Britton Hughes	Lorin Raker
Mrs. Britton Hughes	Helen Clark
A Bellboy	Edward DeCamp
A Waiter	Harold D. Millar
Duffey	George W. Callahan
Colonel Marrior	Stanley H. Forde
A Stranger	Estar Ban s

SUMMER wear in comic opera, in the matter of the texture of its ideas, is expected to be light and thin, but it would seem to be a popular error inasmuch as observation proves that they are not and cannot possibly be, as things go, any lighter in one season than in another. All substance has gone out of them, but the volatile essence of entertainment remains. What was serious—a discomfort in the realities of life—becomes a joy on the stage.

Here we have "La, La, Lucille," at the sedate Henry Miller's Theatre in which bill collectors chase the golden hours away with tripping feet. Instead of the debtor giving the collectors a "song and dance," they provide him with a multitudinous one. The debtor in this case is John Smith, alias John E. Hazard, who has accumulated so many debts that an old and pecunious Aunt (in dying for the sake of the story), has left him two million dollars if he gets a divorce from his wife whom he had picked up (as men do) from the chorus.

Two million. Something has to be done. This is agreed to by the wife, the daughter of the Dentist's Father-in-Law, and a co-respondent has to be found with whom he is to compromise himself in the room of

an hotel. It is to be a harmless compromise. Observe how delicate it is. The scrubwoman agrees to function at a moderate price.

You may well believe that at the Bridal Suite of the Hotel Philadelphia, New York, everybody of any consequence in the action is innocently compromised, including the real bride and groom that occupy the room, as well as the Southern Colonel who comes to visit his daughter, Peggy, the wife of the party of the second part, the rightful tenant of the bridal chamber.

This may not seem an altogether favorable subject for amusement and hilarious activity, but it must be remembered that pretty much everything depends on the number of doors and closets, and that when these are provided in abundance plus the irate husband, a human bomb, a foreigner, armed with a knife as pliable as a scalpel and sharper than a serpent's tooth, you can imagine there is lots of fun.

"La, La, Lucille" is described as a farce with music. Music it has, much music, by George Gershwin, directed by Charles Previn. Janet Velie, as Lucille; Helen Clark, as Peggy, and Marjorie Bentley, as the cabaret dancer, danced and sang well with the mere men of the cast. The chorus is unremittently active and comely. As to taste, the color combinations are notable.

SHUBERT. "A LONELY ROMEO." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Harry B. Smith and Lew Fields; lyrics by Robert Smith; music by Malvin M. Franklin and Robert Hood Bowers. Produced on June 19 with this cast:

Ananias Beebe	Willie Solar
Marcelle Wave	Catherine Van Pelt
Tom Thomas	Jack Keller
Augustus Tripp	Lew Fields
Mazie Gay	Frances Cameron
Kitty Blythe	Eleanor Henry
Milton	Herbert Fields
Mabel Love	Jennette Cooke
Gilbert Grant	Alan Hale
Sybil Tripp	Violet Wilson
Alexina Tripp	Octavie Broske
Daisy Cloak	Fay Tunis
Mamie Bennett	Helen Blake
Larry Tripp	Harry Clarke
Madame Flambaux	Muriel Lodge
Francois	Pauline Garon
Jimmy Lock	Charlie Mitchell
Ichabod Wintergreen	Frank Doane
Cy Perkins	Charlie Mitchell
Meeda Tharra	Helen Fox
Dorothy Marshmallow	Marion Dorr
Rider Lott	Frank Cornell
Mona Tone	Jessica Brown
Clarice Scream	Virginia De Lillies

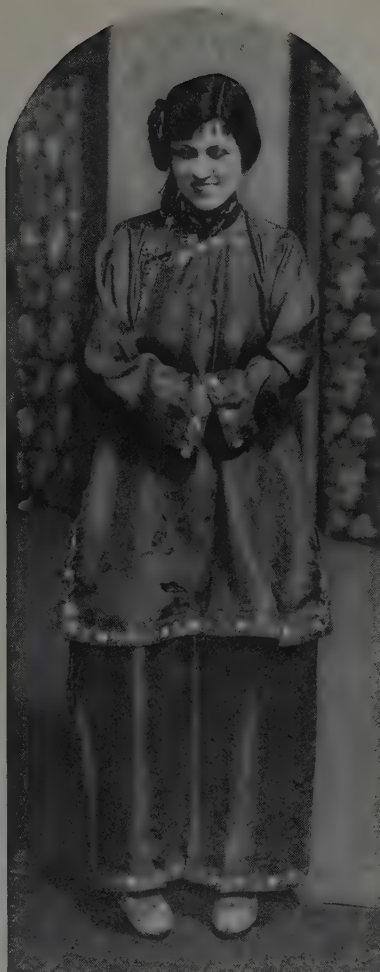
MIRABILE DICTU! the libretto of "A Lonely Romeo" that stellarizes Lew Fields at the Shubert actually has a plot. It begins with a story which is carried through to the final fall of the cur-

(Concluded on page 56)



White

RUTH MacTAMMANY
As Sylvia—The Lady in Red



ADELE ROWLAND
In her amusing imitation of Fay Bainter



ADELAIDE GLORIA
A pleasing dance feature of the piece

THREE FAVORITES IN 'THE LADY IN RED'



Salvation Army Lassies in "Toot Sweet," the
clever Overseas Revue at the Nora Bayes Theatre

MUSICAL SHOWS HOLD THE BOARDS FOR THE SUMMER

THE JOB OF BEING AN ACTOR

*No easy way to fame in the theatre,
but a substantial reward awaits success*

By OTIS SKINNER



THE profession of acting is one of the broadest occupations known, because there is an equality in it that surpasses any other job. Men and women of all ages meet upon an equal footing of competitive work, upon equal expectations of success. The actor's job is an ideal chance in the game of life, because it promises the triumph that leads to health, wealth and happiness. When the curtain rings up on the actor's job, there stretches before him a far horizon with the golden light of fame peeping over it. It is a perspective that differs from that of any other artistic occupation, because every new job for an actor may be the hour of his triumph. It is full of surprises, its opportunities are so many.

In considering the actor's job from the starting point it is the most attractive outlook because it is the art of democratic splendor. To-night you may be depicting the magnificence of Cæsar, to-morrow night you may be creeping on as an obscure beggar, and the third night you may be playing the devil. All these impersonations, or any one of them, may serve to reveal the hidden fires of genius. On the other hand they may reveal something quite contrary to genius. But it makes no difference. Each one of these great figures of the imagination draws salary, and usually a good one, a better one than any similar effort might earn in any other profession. So the actor's job begins. He crowds through the stage door that swings open to him recognizing that it leads to the El Dorado of his imagination, as well as to the empty pocket book. That is the way we shall begin the actor's job, full of the promethean fire that must be smouldering in the actor's make-up before he puts on his grease paint. Remember, I say this is the way he begins. Like all other beginnings it is full of glorious expectations, of adventures in art that have in them the uncertainty of success.



THE matter of selection of parts which frequently embarrass the actor should be eliminated from the very beginning of the career. The notion that an actor belongs to a certain type of stage character is not artistically useful. Although men and women as Shakespeare has said, "play many parts" in real life, the nature of their performances should have no bearing upon their impersonations in the theatre. The proper equipment of an actor should be plastic and adaptable to the requirements of the actor's job, so that he can apply himself to the emergencies of any part given him to play. He is confronted at the beginning of the career with various kinds of plays. He may be cast in the romantic drama, the modern drama, the classic drama, the improbable farce, or the gray problem studies of purpose plays. In reviewing these various canvasses in which he expects to be a figure as an actor, he must not assume that nature has presented him with any special gift for any single one of these different sort of plays. When people speak to me of romantic drama they intend of course to identify the sort of play that reveals the emotions of men and women a few hundred years ago. The impression of romantic drama is often made to imply these

men and women were quite a different kind from what we are today. I cannot agree with any such premises. Because an actor wears a cloak and sword instead of a frock coat and a silk hat, he does not become different in the inspired temperament of his impersonation, he does not go beyond the boundaries of the eternal emotional instincts of human nature. The wig, the coat, the boots, the waistcoat cannot change the impulses of his impersonation. All the characters that lived hundreds of years ago were men and women very much like all other men and women of today. Certain periods in history may have affected the manners and the expressions of thought, but they have not altered the underlying forces of emotional impulse from which the actor's job proceeds.



THEREFORE, it makes no difference when the actor passes through the stage door what clothes he changes into. It makes no difference what his costume may be, the chief anxiety of his job should be an impersonation of character that the ages have not altered. The great motives of all kinds of drama are related to the generations that have inspired them, and the actor's job is to discover that relationship. Whether he is appearing in so-called romantic drama, in classic plays, in modern or problem moods of the theatre, he has only one chief consideration in his work and that is sincerity of impersonation. It is a sincerity that he draws from his artistic judgment, his observation of his fellow beings around him, of his own interpretation of emotional facts.

An actor should be able to interpret any mood, any age, any eccentricity of speech, of gesture, of movement or of mind. He must live in passive obedience to the impression of human beings about him; from them he will learn all the requirements of impersonation. It may be that in appearance and voice he will be especially adapted to certain types on the stage. These are imitations that he should avoid. The actor's job is an all-around sympathy and perception of the primitive impulses in human nature.



IT is often insisted that acting consists of mimicry. If mimicry were all that was necessary for an actor there would be no color to the art of acting, no high lights of the soul that one finds in the mystery of any artistic masterpiece, whether it is a picture, a play, or a performance in the theatre. There are actors who have a great gift of mimicry, who can give a surprising imitation of other actors, and who can entertain brilliantly with this unusual talent. In the sense that they are employed in the theatre, they are actors, but this ability does not fulfill my idea of an actor's job. Even the magnetism which these very clever entertainers possess is not sufficient to include them among the actors who have succeeded in their jobs as actors. Impersonation includes magnetism, but it requires more than that to preserve the illusion. It requires a different force of imagination, a sustained quality of artistic effort, a climactic

energy to complete the true outline. If the actor's job consisted merely of mimicry we should lose the inspiring influence upon our minds and our hearts that a distinguished performance of any character gives us in the theatre. There is nothing more important in the actor's job than to understand the difference between mimicry and impersonation. Its qualities do not depend upon make-up or costume, they depend upon the gift of acting, a gift that is as much a part of the mystery of inspiration, as the magic of the poet, the painter, the sculptor or the writer. It is a union of imagination and technique, a combined impulse that springs from temperament.

There have been many cases where the actor's talent seems to be entirely an inherited quality. There have been generations of fine actors in one family. For instance, there are the Barrymores and the Drews, who by inheritance have preserved the temperament of inspiration in the theatre. The associations of theatrical life very often inspire success on the stage. The other night at a dinner given to Mrs. Fiske, she entertained us with delightful stories of her own career. She told us how she had practically been cradled close to the stage door, how her mother, who was an actress, used to leave her on the top of the trunk in the dressing-room, cosily tucked up in a baby blanket while she did her work on the stage. Then, when this inspired baby grew up to be old enough to stand on her feet, she was literally pushed on to the stage and has been there ever since, a foremost figure in contemporary theatrical history.



THESE are the exceptions. The actor's job does not depend upon whether he is weaned on a trunk in a dressing-room, or whether he is born under less romantic, untheatrical surroundings. It depends upon whether he has the gift of impersonation, whether he has the artistic temperament.

Another matter which concerns the actor's job from the very beginning, is a realization that there is no easy way to success in the theatre. Like every other achievement of any kind in the world, it is a matter of hard work. Acting needs many sacrifices, as those who consider it a playful opportunity, a chance to display the vanities of beauty or of voice, soon discover. It is a case of working like the very devil to get a foothold at the top. It is the most difficult kind of work because it entails physical strength, infinite patience, the greatest care of health, the utmost restraint in dissipation. Above all it alienates from all other interests that are usually a part of the average experience. The actor's job is a continuous study. All these things are in themselves enjoyable, of course, but they involve one's strength and one's illusions. Both must be preserved, both must be continually renewed, and the inspiration which is the inner force must be kept ablaze.

Youth is the source of the greatest inspiration in the actor's job. It is glorious to be young, young enough to aspire to the top of the ladder, young enough to know nothing of the difficulty of the climb. The younger you are when you



IVY SAWYER

As Jacqueline, the bride, who marries before she is of age, and consequently is the cause of all the trouble



Photos Abbe

THE DUNCAN SISTERS

Whose kid act is one of the brightest bits of the piece



ARLINE CHASE

"What's in a name?" This is Gladys Grace of "She's a Good Fellow" whose dancing proves that she lives up to her rôle



PAULINE HALL

Who lend a picturesque background to the song hit, "Jubilo," costumed as brides of yesteryear



HELEN LOVETT

"SHE'S A GOOD FELLOW" A MUSICAL HIT AT THE GLOBE

begin the actor's job, the greater your chance of success, providing you have in you some of the equipments I have tried to suggest. But youth alone pressing its ardent way to success will not be enough. You must have in your youth an infinite love of the work, a tireless energy to improve in it, a sort of inner thrill at the opportunity to test your strength, a joyous sense of triumph that you will win a great name in the theatre. There is no school, to my mind, that can promise so much in the actor's job, as that school which is in your heart, that delightful classroom of laughing illusions, whose schoolmaster is yourself.

Occasionally one hears about certain actors who belong to a certain school of acting. There is no such thing. Acting has only one classification and that is in the first class of artistic impersonation. No part is too small for an actor to interpret the distinction of his profession, and no part is bigger than the actor who plays it. The rewards are various and ample.

The chief reward of the actor's job is the pleasure of the work itself. Even in an uncongenial part, in a play that does not fully sustain the artistic expectation of the actor, his work at every performance is a delightful exercise of the fruition of his talents. The applause is the

refreshing stimulus, the proof that he has done a good job as an actor. Then, of course, there are other rewards. There is the reward of celebrity, which is a sort of crown that never loses its lustre. There is the reward of material comfort which every profession strives for. There is the reward of justifying the years of labor, of sacrifice, of effort. And, there is the reward of having reached a place of distinction in a great art, that may not be forgotten when the last performance has been given. As to the reward of criticism, that has been, or should be a source of so much assistance to the actor, that he may review it with gratitude.

The impression that the actor's job separates him from the usual home-ties because of the distances he must travel during the success of a great play, this may have its inconveniences, but they are merely superficial. Like any other job, the actor's job has its duties, but they by no means threaten the home-ties if the home is in his heart. The actor's life is twofold. He lives the normal life of a good citizen in his personal relations to those he cares for, and he lives the life of a good artist in the presence of the public. His life is not very different from that of any other man who respects himself and works honestly at his professional labor. Take

it all in all, the actor's job is a very good one. He is very often envied by men in other professions who work twice as hard for half the reward.

The outlook in the theatre just now is very encouraging. New actors are giving interesting performances in new plays written by new authors, and it seems as though the stage is living up to the opportunities of reconstruction. We are getting away from the old habit of selecting actors for their outward advantages. We are paying less heed to the old idea that a character should be played by a type. The actor's job is no longer a pretense such as it once was; it has become an art with great expectation.

As I have said an actor should be able to impersonate any character given to him, no matter what his personality off the stage may be. His impersonation should not be merely a matter of wigs, or costumes, or make-up. For, in every play whether written by Shakespeare, Ibsen, Pinero, Fitch, or any of the Greek masters the emotions and the impulses of drama are those of ourselves, of the men and women living around us today. So, when the curtain rings up on the first job the young actor has, he may preserve this impression, that he belongs to the great tide of human feeling that began a thousand years ago, and has not changed its source since then.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Efrem Zimbalist is a devout worshipper of Beethoven?

Laurette Taylor was born in New York, but is of Irish descent?

Douglas Fairbanks attended the Colorado School of Mines and later went to Harvard University, being known at both places for his fun loving spirit?

Ruth St. Denis designs and oversees the making of her stage settings, including the painting of scenery, and making of her own costumes and those of her company, writes her own dance dramas and produces her own terpsichorean plays?

Thomas A. Wise is head of the fund for wounded actors?

Harry Lauder has been made a Knight in recognition of his services to the British Empire during the war?

Constance Binney, the young star of "39 East," at the Broadhurst, is a pupil of Cecchetti, the famous Italian dancing teacher who trained Pavlova and Nijinsky?

Rachel Crothers not only writes successful plays, but also evolves lighting effects and designs costumes for them?

While still in his teens, Robert B. Mantell ran away from his home in Scotland and came to America to become an actor. But in two weeks, penniless, and with no engagement, he sailed disconsolately home?

Ruth Chatterton was discovered by Henry Miller's son, Gilbert?

Chrystal Herne is the daughter of the well-known actor-playwright, James A. Herne?

Ten years ago Irving Berlin was a singer in East Side cabarets, and to-day he is the world's most popular song writer? He is a Russian Jew, the son of a Cantor, and spent most of his childhood on New York's East Side.

Mildred Arden, daughter of the late Edwin Arden, has a rôle in "39 East" and Edith Gresham, daughter of the well-known director, Herbert Gresham, also plays an important part in the same piece?

Virginia Pearson enjoys the reputation of being the best gowned woman in filmland?

Hazel Dawn of "Up In Mabel's Room" and Margaret Romaine of the Metropolitan Opera Company, are sisters? So are Janet Beecher and Olive Wyndham.

Duse never responds to a curtain call?

Olga Petrova made her first appearance in this country in legitimate drama in "Panthea," at the Booth Theatre in 1914, scoring a tremendous hit?

At the Opera House there is a large dress-making department where the costumes are made for the chorus under the supervision of a wardrobe mistress?

Mary Pickford, the darling of the films, was born in Toronto on April 8, 1893, and went on the stage at the age of five?

A \$10,000 prize for the best American play submitted was once offered by Winthrop Ames? Two thousand, six hundred and forty manuscripts were turned in, and from these Alice Brown's "Children of Earth" was selected. The piece was produced by Mr. Ames, but was not a success.

Olive Tell is a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts?

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., spent \$35,000 in costing the chorus alone of one of his "Follies"?

Frank Craven, who has recently been popular in "Going Up," was the original Jimmy Gilley in "Bought and Paid For"? At one time Mr. Craven worked in a tack factory, his next job was that of mail clerk in a Boston real estate

office, after which he went on the stage.

At sixteen, Blanche Ring played Lady Capulet to Zeffie Tilbury's Juliet?

Richard Mansfield used a private car when traveling throughout the country to play engagements, and in that way suffered no inconveniences?

Ernest Truex of "Please Get Married," attracted attention at the age of five by his precocious acting and was hailed as a prodigy throughout the West?

Viola Dana, now a star of the screen, appeared in the title rôle of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" in 1914, on Broadway, and because of her youth had to be registered at the office of the Gerry Society and have a special permit issued for her to act?

Ann Orr, who has scored a personal hit in "She's a Good Fellow" is a Western girl? She was born in Piqua, Ohio, and educated at St. Mary's Academy at Terre Haute.

Roi Cooper Megrue, author of "Under Cover," "It Pays To Advertise," "Tea For Three," etc., was a playreader in Elizabeth Marbury's office for eleven years?

David Wark Griffith was on the stage for eight years during which time he wrote for magazines and began a playwright's career with a play produced by James K. Hackett? Now he is known everywhere as the genius of the films.

Forbes-Robertson's father, a Scotchman, was a celebrated art critic and historian? Sir Johnston, himself, decided to become an artist and studied at the Academy with that end in view, but forsook the brush for the sock and buskin at the age of twenty-two.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE is the one and only magazine of the stage?

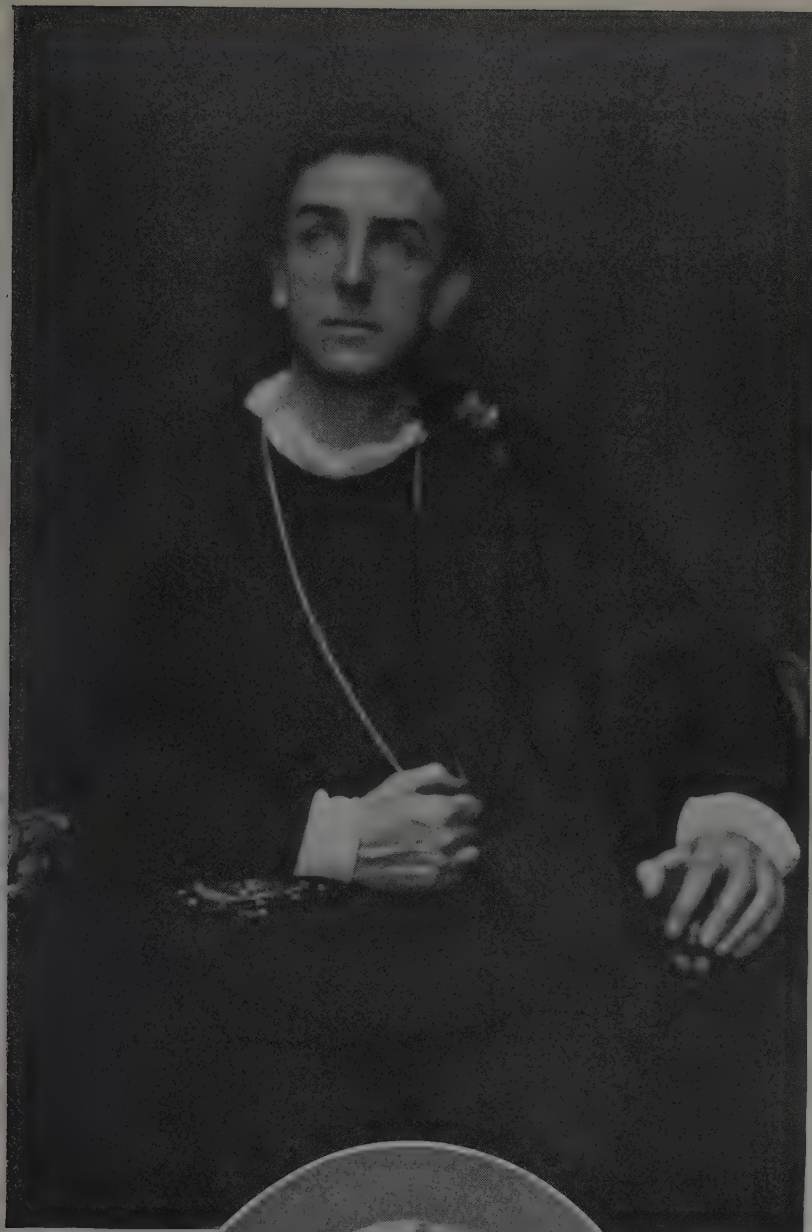


Photo Mary Dale Clarke

WALTER HAMPDEN

Ranked by some critics as the greatest living Hamlet and now appearing at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre with great success



Moffett

MARY HALL

Who imparts dignity to the rôle of Queen Gertrude, had Shakespearian training with E. H. Sothern



Moffett

MABEL MOORE

This charming and sympathetic Ophelia is Mrs. Walter Hampden in private life



Moffett

ALBERT BRUNING

An experienced and favorite Broadway actor who gives authority to the rôle of Polonius

A NOTABLE PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET"

JOHN BARRYMORE'S BARBER

Reversing the old adage, the actor is really a hero to his tonsorial attendant

By MARIA SERMOLINO



John Barrymore's barber in caricature

NO, he's never worn a moustache. His moustache is fake, a good fake though. Why, even I, his very own barber sit up and stare at him in the movies when he wears a moustache. It can't seem possible that it's false, yet I ought to know for moustaches don't grow over night and I shave him every day."

Thus was shattered the illusion about the dear little moustache, the neat little moustache that hung on John's lip. John Barrymore wear a false moustache! Monstrous, impossible, preposterous! That prototype, that exemplary moustache of the age, attempted by many but achieved

by few, that idol at whose shrine the stenographers, telephone operators, parlor maids and débutantes of the country have worshipped, that fetish,—false? An answer in the affirmative must be carefully weighed before pronouncing it. Consider the effect on the faith of the youth of the country, the terrible moral consequences of shattering a belief so firmly deep-rooted. Yet the evidence of the barber is indisputable, unequivocal.

"False, you said?"

YES, sure." From the calm, unperturbed manner it was evident he did not realize the importance of his tremendous disclosure. "He's been smooth-shaven ever since I've known him. Anyway, he's too nervous for a moustache. He would worry the poor thing to death. He's so fidgety he can't even sit still long enough for a manicure."

The light, curly-haired guardian of the nails of the patrons of Signor Conti's barber shop sighed. "Oh... and such beautiful hands as he has. The fingers are long, slender, the palm so gracefully curved. Ah... but his nails, and his cuticle, they are ragged, unshapely, mutilated. It's criminal the way he disfigures such exquisite hands. But he is so high-strung and nervous that he is always pinching his finger tips, or plucking and picking at his cuticle with his teeth. Think of it, with such hands!"

Again she solemnly sighed. To her mind here were the elements of a tragedy. You see, she was not a calcomined, shrilled-voiced daughter of the streets of Manhattan. She spoke with a soft foreign accent. She was an artist in the care of hands.

Bite his nails, John Barrymore? That used to be the prerogative of boys and girls of the past century. Surely some mother must still have in an old medicine chest some of that bitter, yellowy, smelly stuff which mothers used to dab on their children's nails. It might be well to dig it out to help save the nails of John and lessen the sorrow of the manicurist.

Signor Conti's barber shop is on Washington Place, just off Washington Square. It is a small place, almost entirely lined with mirrors, with many queer sterilizing devices, three chairs, and one assistant barber. The assistant barber takes care of the shop when Signor Conti is away shaving Mr. Barrymore. That task at times takes eight minutes, at others, an hour and a half, and several times it has been known to occupy the entire morning. In the last case the assistant barber is rushed, customers are irritated and the manicurist is worried lest an accident has happened to Mr. Conti in his journey from the shop to Mr. Barrymore's apartment.



OCCASIONALLY, in the summer time, the little shop on Washington Place is honored by the presence of the great John. One day last summer when the bachelor apartments of Washington Square were monopolized by United States army nurses waiting for sailing orders, Mr. Conti's barber shop was visited by four of these young women of indefinite age, trimly clad in navy blue. One whose reddish hair was being transformed into a white foamy pyramid, sat on a chair behind a screen. Another held her right hand in a soapy bowl while her left was being shaped by the curator of hands. Two others sat on the hard, straight, black chairs which Mr. Conti must have purchased from a manufacturer endorsed by the correct posture league. A sporty car stopped in front of the shop, a slender, graceful young man stepped out and entered.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

Eight minutes later the gentleman left. No commotion, no unusual sound from the women. Mr. Conti has an eye for the dramatic. He stepped towards the women.

"Ladies," they paid little attention to him. "Ladies," he insisted, "do you know who that man was?"

The response to his appeal to their curiosity was instantaneous. Eight questioning eyes were turned towards him and four mouths asked, "Who?"

"Why, that,—that was John Barrymore!"



THERE was a mad scramble towards the door and window, but they had hesitated too long for all they saw was the bluish thick smoke from the exhaust of the departing motor. They then heaped questions on the master barber who had now become an important personage for them. One thought it would be fun to buy the towel which the great favorite had used,

another tried to purchase the brush, but Mr. Conti would not be bribed.

"It's lots of fun telling women about celebrities who come here. They always seem to recognize names and seem to know who they are. Men don't seem to know much about that kind of stuff, anyway they don't fall for it. Maybe they're jealous. If I tell my men customers: 'The gentleman who just left is John Barrymore,' they don't even bother to turn around; they just mumble something like, 'You don't say,' or 'Who's he?' or 'Is that so?' And then fall asleep again or keep on reading."

Instances in which Mr. Conti can brag about the presence in his shop of the dramatic patron are rare, however, for Mr. Barrymore is usually shaved in his own apartment which is one block south from the barber shop.

There is no special tonsorial equipment in Mr. Barrymore's abode to facilitate the shaving operation, but none is needed for Mr. Barrymore always shaves in bed, except when Mr. Conti attempts to shave him while at the telephone. Whether he be undressed, half-dressed or all-dressed, he lies on the bed for a shave. He does not like to be shaved in a chair and will not sit in one.



A PLAIN shave is all he wants," explained Mr. Conti.

"He always combs his own hair, never fusses about with creams and perfumes, so the shaving job is pretty quick. But when the telephone rings, ah, then that is a different story. Sometimes he goes to the 'phone with his face all white and lathered. By the time he is through the lather is dry and powdery, no use at all any more, and still he insists on being shaved without a fresh lather. Several times, on matinée days, I shaved him while he stood talking at the 'phone. It's not easy, especially with Mr. Barrymore, and I've come pretty near cutting him. He gets so terribly excited over the wire, and when he swears he opens his mouth so wide and moves the muscles of his face so much that it is almost impossible to make any progress. He just talks and talks, and the party on the other side talks, too. Sometimes I've waited twenty minutes for him to finish his conversation, sometimes forty, fifty. Once after waiting an hour and a half I called through the closed door, 'Mr. Barrymore shall I wait any more?' He yelled back 'NO,'—such a terrible no that it sounded as if he'd used a great big megaphone. During some calls I stay in the room, but I must sit very still and quiet; during others I understand he'd rather have me go out. Sometimes I can stay in and make all the noise I want for he'd never hear me over the terrible noise he is making himself. That's usually when he swears,—and when he begins swearing, whew!"

"And you, a good Christian, tolerate all this?"

"Mr. Barrymore is a good customer." Mr. Conti shrugged his shoulders in a manner familiar to non-Gentile comedians. "He is temperamental, artistic, but—" and this he said as though it were his crowning achievement, "he pays his bills like a first-class business man."



From a photograph by Bruguiere

Helen Westley, Helen Freeman, Augustin Duncan, Henry Herbert, Dudley Digges and Rollo Peters

A LETTER that never came—it was to pay off the mortgage—is responsible for a series of events culminating in murder and the prospect of an execution—such is the plot of St. John Ervine's impressive study of Northern Irish life which, by its brilliant treatment, held the attention from start to finish. The title rôle, an invalided farmer with a perfect faith that God makes all for the best, is presented with noble dignity, restraint and underlying power by Augustin Duncan.

“JOHN FERGUSON”—A DRAMATIC TRIUMPH FOR THE THEATRE GUILD

WHAT IS A GOOD PLAY?

*Frankly I don't know and I
don't think you want to know*

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



WHAT is a good play? When you go to the theatre to be entertained, what sort of a play do you like best—and why?

Have you, Mr. Playgoer, or you, Mrs. Playgoer, ever asked yourself just what it is that appeals to you particularly in a play?

I have often wondered if any playgoer, outside of the professional dramatic critics, members of the Drama League of America and students of the drama, ever really stopped to analyze a play, take it to pieces and see what made the dramatic wheels turn 'round. Precious few, I will wager. And yet if you *did* think seriously about the play that you have just seen, it is a safe bet that there was some one thing in particular about it that made you declare it either a good or a bad play.

And in asking you this question, another very interesting problem has arisen that forces me to ask myself a question: Is the play after all, *the* thing? Isn't it the actor's personality that counts more with the general public than the greatest play ever written? We have had two instances of this during the past theatrical season. It was not "Hamlet" that playgoers went to see. They went to see Walter Hampden play *Hamlet*; they wanted to see what sort of a *Hamlet* he would make; they wanted to compare his *Hamlet* with Forbes Robertson's *Hamlet*. To such an extent was this true that Mr. Hampden's manager "played up" Hampden's name in bigger type in his advertisements than he did *Hamlet's*. The advertisements read: HAMPDEN in *Hamlet*. Alas, poor *Hamlet*!



AND take the play "Redemption," founded upon Tolstoi's famous play "The Living Corpse." This play had languished in book form for fifteen years or more before any manager had the temerity to produce it. It was a big play. I remember reading it ten years ago and wondering why it had never been produced in this country. As a matter of fact, it never would have been produced, had not Arthur Hopkins had the gumption to see that the play could be made a success, irrespective of Count Tolstoi (who was dead anyhow) if he could get a popular star to feature in it. So he got John Barrymore, the only living *matinée* idol now in captivity, rushed out his wrecking crew, gave the living corpse a new name that suggested "uplift," told Robert Edmond Jones to do his darndest to make the corpse look pleasant in new pictorial dress, and—presto! the deed was done and Tolstoi was "turning 'em away"—on Broadway, too!

Now then—what is a good play? I defy the greatest play vivisectionist or play undertaker to answer that question. The elder Dumas, growing facetious on this point, said that a play, among other things, should have interest *everywhere*. That is one of those half truths that so many folks accept as a whole truth. As a matter of fact, I have seen many plays that had no interest *anywhere* ride in on the top wave of popular success because the feminine portions of the audience were "just crazy about" the male star.

For the past ten years audiences have gone

to see Sarah Bernhardt, now a pathetic stage figure, largely out of curiosity. Few persons who saw the "Divine Sarah" even in her prime, cared anything about her plays. They were usually melodramatic claptrap, written in French, and, for the most part, maudlin and mushy. These plays meant nothing to the majority of Bernhardt's audiences, because they had never read them and had to rely on inadequate librettos, which they scanned hastily between acts, but they *thought* they were enjoying themselves. What they were really enjoying was the knowledge that they had seen the great French actress and could tell their friends so.



FOR years dramatic critics and students of the drama had told us that "Justice" was a big play, "a big, fine, plastic, sensitive play"—whatever that was—and that it was a crying shame that America did not possess a single manager with the artistic courage to produce it. Well, John D. Williams did practically the same thing that Arthur Hopkins did. He secured the services of John Barrymore, the sure-fire *matinée* idol, and everyone, particularly the women, raved about the "spiritual beauty" of Mr. Barrymore's face, talked about his "aesthetic charm," and all that sort of thing. Result: audiences forgot that there was any moral lesson or any sort of lesson in "Justice" in their raptures over Mr. Barrymore's hair.

It is the women who make or break a play. See *any manager*. And the women have made John Barrymore into the most popular after-dinner actor on our stage today. I heard two women at a performance of "Redemption" exclaiming in rapture over Mr. Barrymore's good looks. I did not hear them say a word about the play. They were Barrymore "sharks," for they proved that he was not wearing his hair the same way in "Redemption" as he was in a motion picture that they had just seen him in. And they had liked him *even better* in the motion picture, which was, by the way, a cheap picturization of an asinine farce cylept, "Here Comes the Bride."



HO, HO," I thought to myself, "what a pity it is that Mr. Tolstoi died so soon! I dare anyone to tell me again that the play's the thing. John Barrymore is not only the *thing*—he is the *whole* thing!"

Or take that charming little person Fay Bainter, who is getting to be as popular nowadays as Maude Adams when she was at the zenith of her fame. Like Maude Adams, too, Miss Bainter is as popular with women as with men. In the play in which Miss Bainter is now appearing, "East is West," she is also the whole thing. I am told that the authors wrote this play at Atlantic City in a fortnight, and I am sure the story is true, for I have seen the play. Well, it is nothing more nor less than a dramatization of Fay Bainter. Fay Bainter acts in it; Fay Bainter smiles in it; Fay Bainter dances in it; Fay Bainter sings in it. And, in the elegant vernacular of Broadway, the audiences fairly

"eat it up." And there you are!

What is a good play? Oh, yes, I am coming to that bye and bye. I can tell you offhand what a good play should be, and could cite Aristotle, Hennequin, Price, Archer, Baker—and all the rest of the authorities on the subject—but it wouldn't do any good. You wouldn't know a bit more about it then than you do now, and I wouldn't know any more about it than I know now.

For instance, as far back as 1911, I wrote the scenario of a play (yes, of course I have written plays. Who hasn't?) and submitted it to a well-known critic. In this scenario I planned to have a pistol shot and then let the curtain go up at once. In other words, the pistol shot was to raise the curtain, which was to disclose the body of a dead man. Bending over him was another man with a revolver in his hand.

"You will not ruin any more lives—curse you!" said the man with the revolver—or words to that effect.

Then I was going to have the speaker walk off the stage. This was to be a sort of prologue and the next act, which was to begin immediately, would tell the story of the incidents that led up to the killing. In other words, I was going to write my play backward.



THE idea almost terrified my critic friend. Such a thing had never been done before; it was entirely unprecedented; no audience would accept it; it would be an anti-climax. He ran on like this for some time and before he had finished I threw up the sponge.

"Enough!" I cried. "I won't waste any more time on such an idiotic idea."

So I passed it up and not so long after that "On Trial" was produced with great success. The same idea had come to Elmer Reizenstein but, fortunately for him, he didn't consult a critic first. He just went ahead and wrote his play and invited the critics to express their opinions afterwards. Which only goes to prove again that you can't sometimes always tell.

Authorities on playwriting will tell you that there is no such thing as a good play unless it has real characterization. The plot, they will tell you, should always be the outgrowth of character. "Don't fit your characters into situations," they will tell you, "but always have your situations spring from your characters."

Very well then! Let's look into that phase of it for a moment. The late Charles Klein admittedly fitted his characters to his situations. He would think out a series of dramatic situations and would then set his characters to walking and talking amid these ready-made surroundings. That is the way he wrote "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree" and "The Gamblers," three of the most successful plays ever written in this country. On the other hand, "The Music Master" was a character study, but even in that play the situations were not necessarily the outgrowth of Von Barwig's character. Klein studied out strong situations and set his old music master into them. Result:



Campbell

Bess has only one redeeming trait, and that is her love for her mistress, Minnie Dupree



Moffett

This bull dog was presented to Elizabeth Brice by a French officer, while she was entertaining our boys in France. She calls him Toot Sweet



Campbell

Anna Case has appropriately named her prize-winning Russian wolfhound, Boris Godunoff



Campbell

Teddy, an English bull, has a remarkable pedigree, but as he is not keen on publicity, Violet Heming cannot make him divulge it. He has the fighting spirit of his namesake, the late Col. Roosevelt, and has made a successful appearance on the screen



C. Smith Gardner

The photographer caught Beppo napping, but Gail Kane assures us that he is a frisky little Pomeranian

LOVE ME — LOVE MY DOG!

One of the greatest stage successes since "Rip Van Winkle"—and a bigger money maker.

On the other hand, take the case of another successful playwright, Sir James Matthew Barrie. This author's characters are all carefully drawn. Like Dickens' characters, you feel that you know them, and, also like Dickens, he gives you a crowded canvas. He does not draw one or two truthful portraits and surround them with stage puppets who are little more than "feeders" for the principals.

"What Every Woman Knows" was this sort of a play. It was the carefully etched character of a woman that the audience grew to know and love before the final curtain cut short her stage life. Certain perfectly natural and normal problems arose in this woman's life and it was the way she solved them that made the play such a huge success.

"On Trial" shattered every technical teaching

and went shouting its triumphant way to success. "Forever After" is an illogical absurdity that is built like a motion picture. It has neither characterization, motivation nor any other kind of "ation" and yet it is one of the great successes of the season.

"The Better 'Ole" was rejected by nearly every prominent theatrical manager in New York. They didn't know what to make of it when it was submitted to them in manuscript form. It had a queer name and it was neither a musical comedy nor a straight play. Then what was it? They didn't know, but they did know that the humor was all English slang and that American audiences wouldn't care for it. So they passed up one of the biggest money-makers in recent years.

"Lightnin'" which has been running ever since last August, is a careful character study of an amusing type of American, who is just as

humorous and just as pathetic as "Rip Van Winkle."

But I have serious doubts if this play would have been even a mild success if it had not been for the remarkable impersonation of the central character by Frank Bacon. Interesting as the whimsical character of "Lightnin'" is, it needed the quaint individuality of Mr. Bacon to bring to a ripe bloom all of the humor that the authors had planted in the part.

But I began this article with a question, didn't I? What is good play? Frankly, I don't know and I don't think you want to know. So we will let the subject rest for the present. But this is a promise: if I find anyone in the future who *does* know what constitutes a good play, I shall endeavor to kidnap him.

If I succeed, I shall hire a hall and then let this man who knows tell the people who want to know.

BACK STAGE SCANDAL

Are the morals of the actress any different from those of the average church member?

By ALISON SKIPWORTH

(Appearing in "39 East")



I ATTENDED a tea, recently, which was given by a very charming friend of mine. No one present, with the exception of myself, was connected with the stage. After discussing summer frocks, summer resorts and the Victory Loan, the conversation drifted to Broadway, and, of course, the current plays.

Before long, the dialogue became centered on the doings of stage folk and various bits of back-stage gossip that had been gobbled up and saved for just such an occasion as this. As I was the only "actress" present, and the supposed "wiseacre" of the group, all eyes became riveted on me, awaiting some choice bits of unpublished scandal. One of my dear friends present plucked up sufficient courage to ask:

"Are actors and actresses *really* as Bohemian as the newspapers would have us believe? Do they *really* 'carry on' as much as we, who never saw a dressing-room in our lives, are inclined to believe they do?"

"My dear," I replied, "if you *really* want to know the truth, and are willing to accept my word for it, let me tell you that you have been grossly deceived. You have been *made* to believe that we back stage are wild and inclined to disregard convention. But, as I suggested before, you have that impression because it was planned for you to have it. As a matter of fact, dear, you in your snug little harbor of social, religious and political Puritanism, are not so *very* much better than little Miss Tinsel-Dress, trying to cheer you up by dancing her feet off behind the footlights!"

Of course, they were somewhat astounded at my sudden revelation of the truth; a truth that they had not quite understood before. Of course, further explanations were in order, and so I spent the next hour making my former assertions clear and perfectly understood. I began by asking them where they usually gain their knowledge of the wild lives led by stage folk. Unanimously they agreed: "the newspapers." My following query was, "did the scandal about this or that stage celebrity deter you from attending a theatre where that player was performing, or, on the other hand, did you

feel a greater desire than ever to see this particular actress?" Not comprehending my drift as yet, they all agreed that their desire to see the actress was multiplied tenfold, once her name was connected with any calumny. With the deck cleared for action, I began to expound press-agent-proof information, gained during my twenty years' experience on the stage, relative to the habits and social conduct of the stage folk.

I explained that large, busy departments, with competent forces, do nothing but spend their time creating the very impressions that these friends of mine had so obligingly accepted; that these departments "sell" entertainment by creating a public interest in the players through the medium of the printed word. That, whereas non-professional men and women may do as they please without the danger of their escapades creeping into print, it only requires the slightest indiscretion on the part of an actor or actress to result in a glaring headline story. While "civilians" are extremely anxious to keep their names out of the paper, a player immediately notifies his press representative of all his doings, the latter in turn, expending all effort to bring the story to public attention. In other words, the Thespian is always before the public eye, not so much because he is any more wicked than the average church member—or that his or her life is a merry round of gayety but because it is to his or her financial advantage to exploit their social fortunes or misfortunes.

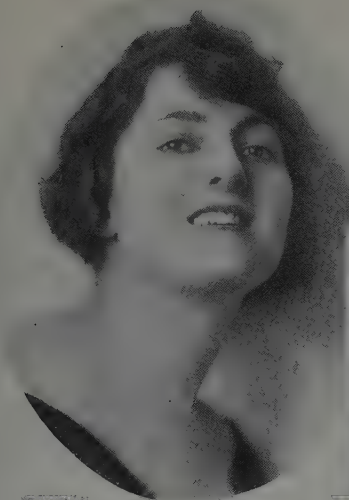
Recently, for ten consecutive weeks, the magazine of a well-known New York daily, ran full page stories of back-stage scandal. One week it would be the sorrowful tale of an actress's husband who is suing her for divorce, the following week it would be the divorce of a stage beauty and her subsequent marriage to the prune king's son, etc. How many readers of this scandal would become dumbfounded if they could only learn that these articles are carefully prepared by specially appointed "press representatives" who receive the "facts" from the principals themselves, who are involved?

In other words, their heartaches and troubles are exploited, told to the public so as to create a public interest in the characters of the story.

But there is still another phase to be considered. We must admit that there are quite a few divorces among the members of the theatrical profession. But this can very readily be accounted for in such a manner as to free the members of the theatrical profession from any stigma. The fact that both actors and actresses receive high compensations for their services is not disputed by anyone. Everybody knows that the theatrical profession is one of the highest paid today. This means that its members are assured of a greater economic independence than people in other walks of life. Especially the women members of the stage. Many of them earn from two to five times as much as their husbands who are associated with the business world. In other words, those actresses who are married do not have to depend upon the support of their hubbies; only the love tie holds them together. Hence, if the partnership into which she has entered fails to please her, she is not bound, through economic necessity to remain with her husband. If her voyage on the sea of matrimony is subject to sudden squalls or prolonged storms, there is always a ready port of refuge. She has the "money ability" to free herself from a bad bargain. And in nine cases out of ten, she uses this ability.

Her domesticated sister lacks this advantage. If she makes an unwise selection in the business of choosing a husband, she has no way of bettering herself. She is bound to depend upon her husband's support. You can accept my word for it when I tell you that if it were not for those two words "economic necessity," our divorce courts would have to do business on a night shift basis.

No, there is absolutely no truth in the old idea that an actress is a "different kind of person." They are just the same as you and me, imbued with the same longings, same instincts and thoughts; cherish the same ideals, love the same pleasures. For all that, they are but women.



Campbell

RUTH HARRINGTON

Montgomery Flagg's "Type Girl" model who is now decorating the chorus of "Tumble In" at the Selwyn Theatre



White



O'Neil

J. L. CRANE

This young actor who has been appearing in "Under Orders" was married recently to Alice Brady. Dr. Frank Crane, the groom's father, officiated at the ceremony



Charlotte Fairchild

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, JR.

"Like father, like son" may be aptly applied to young Faversham, for he appeared recently as Marc Antony at St. Bernard's School in New York City. To sustain the honor of the family, and at his urgent request, his mother (Julie Opp) traveled from San Francisco to New York to coach her son in the rôle

RACHEL CROTHERS

Giving instructions to the technical directors regarding the production of a new play. This prolific dramatist is the author of two current successes—"39 East" and "A Little Journey," and Broadway is soon to see another piece from her pen

(Below)

HARRY L. CORT and GEORGE E. STODDARD

The authors of "Listen Lester," the musical entertainment which is still running merrily along at the Knickerbocker. Harold Orlob is the composer responsible for the music



White

THEATRICAL WARFARE IN OLDEN DAYS

Modern rows in stage land nothing compared with what they used to be

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



WARS and rumors of wars in the theatrical world are appropriately common in this martial age. When Jake and Lee line up their forces against K. and E., or when internecine strife breaks out (or is reported to have broken out) in one camp or the other, Broadway is agog with chatter; and intimate theatrical weeklies are tempted to issue "special extras" with regard to which way Al Woods is likely to jump.

But generally speaking, we live in an era of comparative peace in the realm of the play-house. When we recall Astor Place riots, "Hernani" first nights, and similar episodes of the palmy days, we begin to realize the serenity of our own era. Consider, for example, the row that was raised over Corneille's tragedy, "The Cid," along toward the end of a bleak and blustery November in 1636.

The manager, one Mondory, was the David Belasco of his time. He had made up his mind to give the new show a first-class production. He collected the best actors, the handsomest costumes, and the most elaborate "scenic investiture" possible. As might be expected, when the piece registered a hit, the author's many enemies promptly insisted that the actors deserved all the credit. "Anything that old wizard Mondory puts on," they said, "is bound to succeed."



MONDORY himself—contrary to custom—was more modest about it. He said (in a letter to a friend): "The Cid" is so beautiful that it has inspired love in the most reserved of ladies, whose emotion has even betrayed itself in the public theatre." And he added that business was so good that the nobility were occupying seats that formerly were thought fit only for pages. If there were ticket speculators in those days, they probably made a "house-buy" for the entire season.

The fact is that "The Cid" was a corking good show. The information was not emblazoned in electric lights over any Charles Darn-ton's or Burns Mantle's signature, but Parisian playgoers wept in pity for their friends in the provinces who couldn't see the new piece. Everybody talked about it, most people could quote pages of the text, and there sprang up a simile for the Frank Wiltach of that day—"as beautiful as 'The Cid.'"

Mondory, as you of course remember, or will pretend to, was an actor-manager. He intended to create the lead, Rodrigue, but a stroke of apoplexy interfered. So they called in one Beauchateau, who we hope was as good as his stage name. Naturally, the George M. Cohan of the time—a chap called Poquelin, who was rather better known as Molière—promptly travestied "The Cid" in the first scene of his 1637 Revue, "The Impromptu of Versailles." At least, he parodied the manner in which Beauchateau delivered his sonorous lines.

Business, as I said before, was great. One afternoon they took in a hundred livres, however much that may be. The play was so good that when a leading actor got hurt and an understudy

went on, the box office receipts held right up to normal. There were no skating rinks in those days where Marjorie Rambeaus could break their ankles. Nevertheless, handsome Harry d'Orgemont—let's call him Harry, anyway—who was so perfectly ripping in the heavy part of Don Diègue, managed to stab himself in the foot with his own sword. Blood-poisoning ensued, and the doctors were for amputation. "Not much," said Harry. "Fancy a stage-king like me clumping around on a wooden leg. You think I want to be booted?"



GOOD old Harry d'Orgemont's son played Rodrigue, the hero; but it must have been in a revival of the piece. As a matter of fact, he is said to have played the part for so many years that eventually supers had to lend him a hand at the moment when he "fell" on his knees before the heroine. When he spoke the lines:

"I am young, it is true; but to well-born souls
Valor depends not on the number of one's
years,"

he got the biggest laugh of the evening. And thereupon the old boy would repeat the two lines, putting the full pause at the end of the first. (See what I mean?) And then he drew the biggest hand of the night.

"The Cid" made as big a hit at court as it did with the public. The story was Spanish, and that naturally tickled Anne of Austria, who was born in the land of joy. She gave the author a good job as Master of Rivers and Forests in Rouen and granted him letters of nobility.

But things were different with Richelieu, the prime minister. When the play first appeared, we are told, the Cardinal was "as much alarmed as if he had seen the Spaniards before Paris." He was a good deal more wrought up, however, by professional jealousy. Imagine writing a supremely successful play in a country where the All-Highest is himself a playwright! Corneille's triumph cut the founder of the French Academy deeper than anything D'Artagnan ever did to him.



BY way of antidoting his misery, Richelieu used to call in all his lackeys and scullions and get them to play atrocious parodies on "The Cid." The rottener the actor was—then, as alas! too often since—the bigger was his salary.

Corneille did his best to cool off the prime minister's resentment by dedicating the book of the play to Richelieu's niece, Madame de Combalet. That lady had risked her uncle's ire by publicly defending both the piece and the playwright against the bitter attacks of his many personal and political enemies. "I do not owe you less for myself than for 'Le Cid,'" Corneille wrote to her.

The next phase of the row over the piece actually involved governmental antagonism. Readers of "The Three Musketeers" will recall

that severe penalties against duelling had been lately published in France. All the good fighters had got to killing one another off at such a pace that the authorities were afraid the national army would eventually annihilate itself. And just as they were beginning to get the situation in hand, along came "The Cid" with its glorification of that exaggerated sense of honor which usually leads to rapiers or pistols for two (or more). Thereupon, everybody caught the fever not to dance, but to fight.

The censor deleted some lines in which Corneille had disparaged the apology as a method of settling quarrels. At once "tout Paris" learned the lines by heart and repeated them whenever they could be used to inspire bloody encounters. The censorship was the best of publicity aids in those days as in our own.

Another result of the success of "Le Cid" was the quarrel between its author and his rival, Scudéry. The latter was afflicted with the same distemper that the piece aroused in the prime minister. Without taking the trouble to sign his name to it, Scudéry wrote an attack upon the play in which he averred that its subject was of no value whatever, that it violated the chief rules of dramatic poetry, that it lacked judgment in its development, that it had many bad lines, and that almost all its beauties were stolen. Outside of that, it was comparatively unexceptionable.



AND this from an old friend! For Corneille himself had often written in defense of Scudéry. Of course, the author—no doubt with an eye on the gate receipts—replied. There followed a hot battle of the pamphleteers. Everybody was carding the paper for one side or the other. The public was for the playwright. One Constant Playgoer wrote, addressing Scudéry, "If you are wise, obey the voice of the people which imposes upon you silence."

However, Vox Populi meant nothing in Scudéry's young life. He simply multiplied invective and rejoinder, all the time helping immeasurably in the advertising campaign of Mondory.

Meanwhile, Richelieu, notwithstanding he "carried the business of a kingdom on his shoulders and that of Europe in his head," was laboring with his Academy to get it to denounce "Le Cid." The Academy took five months to formulate a judgment which gave little comfort to either Scudéry or the Cardinal. Corneille came out on top. When it came to space-grabbing, he was putting himself in a class with Comrade Trotsky or Eva Tanguay.

A spectator from the sidelines—one Boileau—summed up the controversy in some verses of which I offer in closing the following graceful and elegant translation:

In vain 'gainst "The Cid" does the great man intrigue:
All the world sees Chimène with the eyes of Rodrigue.
What though the Academy deem it a bore?
The public, disgusted, but loves it the more.

From camera studies
by Maurice Goldberg



*Come and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe.*

MILTON.



In maiden meditation, fancy free.

SHAKESPEARE.

A SYLVAN STUDY OF
JOSEPHINE MACLEAN

THE DANCERS FLOCK TO OUTDOOR SETTINGS

Teutons requisitioned soldiers, prisoners and civilians to give performances





DEUTSCHES THEATER LILLE

Deutsches Theater Lille

Gastspiel des Stadttheaters Bremen
(Leitung: Hofrat Otto)

Sonntag, 12. Januar: Carmen
(116. Vorstellung)

CARMEN

Oper in 4 Aufzügen von Henry Meilhac
und Ludwig Halévy. Musik von Georges Bizet.

Musikalische Leitung: Herr Kapellmeister Wohlbeh
Spieldirection: Herr Lordmann

PERSONEN

Carmen	Fd. Hostier-Montes
Dan José, Sergeant	Herr Niggemann
Escamillo Stierkämpfer	Herr Kraus
Zunze Leutnant	Herr Lordmann
Morales Sergeant	Herr Dittmer
Micaëla, ein Bauerneusein	Frau Curlik-Kay
Lilès Paula, Inhaber einer Schenke	Herr Litke
Dancario	Herr Tetzloff
Remendado (Schmuggler)	Herr Rosenfeld
Frisquita	Fd. Pasiglow
Merceditas	Frl. O'Hara
Offizier	Herr Dastel
Städt. Strassenmusikanten Schwegler, Voh	
Or der Musik: Senta und Ungeheuer - Zeit 116	

Hierauf Tanzbilder

Biedermeier Gavotte	Cebulka
Canari von Fr. P. Pank	Fd. O'Har und Fr. Litke
Rosen aus dem Süden	Frl. Jaki, Strauss
Canari von Fr. Pank	Fd. O'Har, Fr. Braun, Fr. Koster
	Frl. Litke, Fr. Meyer

Während des Vorgangs treten die Tanten aus Zuschauerraum geschloßen

Eine grossere Pause findet nach dem 2. Aufzuge statt

Anfang 6 Uhr Ende 9.15 Uhr

Anzeige:

Sonntag, 13. Januar: Carmen

cases full of articles for the equipment of the Theatre. When the questions of heating, lighting, drainage (!) fitting of the wings, cables, safety curtain, were satisfactorily settled despite immense difficulties successfully overcome "thanks to the iron will of those who wished to create a home for German art in the enemy's country," the "Deutsches Theater" of Lille was opened on the 25th December 1915. The technical manager and the stage manager who had toiled days—nay weeks—without resting (would you believe it) saw their efforts rewarded. Goethe shared the triumph, for the inaugurating spectacle was *Iphigénie en Tauride*.

"The 'Barbier de Séville,' given on the 1st of February, cost 1,210 marks only."



arcia Sillcox

LOLA FISHER

This sympathetic young actress who has been so successful in the title rôles of "Good Gracious Annabelle" and "Be Calm, Camilla" will be seen next season in a new piece entitled "The Cave Girl"



Alfred Cheney Johnston

CLAIRE NAGLE

Known throughout the country as the "Kodak" girl, this comely young player who is singing her way gaily through "Tumble In," is probably one of the most photographed girls in America

ANNETTE BADE

Whose beauty has helped considerably in elevating her from the chorus to playing Mollie King's rôle in the "Century Midnight Whirl," the mid-night revue on the roof of the Century

WITH THE YOUNGER SET ON BROADWAY

IS THE STAGE OF TODAY WORTH WHILE?

*A clergyman and an actor discuss
the shortcomings of the theatre*

At a recent meeting of the Catholic Actors' Guild at the Hotel Astor, this city, the stage as it is at present constituted, was vigorously attacked by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, and as warmly defended by Mr. Wilton Lackaye. The two points of view presented by each speaker, one a well-known clergyman, the other an esteemed and popular actor, are so interesting that their speeches are given here at length.



By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

By WILTON LACKAYE

IN expressing the opinion that the stage of the present day is on its last legs, and that any attempt to reform it is not worth while, I am not condemning the institution itself. The stage has always held a good place in the esteem of men, and its nature and effects, when properly managed, are good and useful. The institution called the modern stage is dead, has been dead a few decades, or more, and its persistent activity is somewhat like a "wake," which is a long scene of activity, but centered in something which sooner or later must be buried and properly epitaphed.

The signs of death are clear and unmistakable. An institution is known to be dead when it no longer functions according to its nature. Thus monarchical rule has been dead in Europe since the French Revolution, although it still functions feebly in a few countries. The exceptions prove the rule. Commercially the stage has never displayed such feverish activity as in the past fifty years, and never have so many books been written about its nature and its fruits. Yet never has its product displayed so accurately the character and condition of a maggotty cheese. I am not considering the moral point of view, or the purely literary, but the normal vitality of the drama. The plays of the time are simply a form of journalism, made to amuse for a season and then thrown into the dust-heap. The dramatists, no matter what their power and taste, write accordingly. The managers are simply agents of finance. The critics are almost indescribable, because they must do the best they can with what is presented to them, whether they ponder with Georg Brandes or romp with Alan Dale. The confusion existing among these factors of the stage, drama and dramatist, manager and critic, is awesome, the more so that they themselves, any more than the public, cannot account for it.

* * * *

YET the reason is very simple: they have mistaken a corpse for a living thing. When the soul leaves the body death ensues, and frightful, sickening confusion seizes the poor body, which must at once be put out of human sight. The Catholic principle of immortality explains for its disciples the fall of the modern stage. The soul of the institution has fled because the ruling section of mankind has agreed that man himself has no soul, no future beyond the grave, and no immortality. Now whether one accepts the soul of man as a fact or a fiction his attitude must have tremendous consequences on his various activities. The agnostic attitude is impossible on this point, because its consequence is equivalent to materialism. If the human soul is immortal, then to ignore it in any act or art or work or institution of man is to invite disaster, to produce only the imperfect, the monstrous, the trivial, and the horrible. The modern stage wholly ignores, in a rather amiable fashion, the existence of the human soul, and its managers desiring the shekels of all classes, believers and infidels, they have adopted the trivial and the humorous and the farcical, rather than offend with the sinful and monstrous. Zangwill described the modern stage as made up of "drivel, snivel and divil."

If the human soul is not immortal, then they who accept the fact must make use of it in the drama, and the result will be a drama of sexual fibre, in which crime must play a very important part. Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio have illustrated this contention by interesting, lurid and frightful plays and books, wherein sexual crime and other crimes are main themes. In either attitude the ignoring of the soul must lead to either the trivial or the terrible. In most countries the modern stage has chosen the trivial, which is one reason why the clergy should be more considerate towards it than they are. Sooner or later unfortunately the trivial will breed the terrible from mere ennui, particularly since revolutionary socialism has begun to use the stage. The bubbles labeled Ibsen, Gorki, Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio hint at the slumbering forces below.

* * * *

IF as a Christian you ask me, cannot the stage be rescued from the triviality, the confusion, and the threatening dangers of the present situation, I am compelled to answer negatively, for two reasons. Society is approaching the close of the five-hundred year cycle in which its

THE cry of the death of the stage is as old as the theatre. The annals of the player reek with the complaints of the elders who know excellence only as a fast receding past. I have no doubt that in the third year of Thespis landators temporis acti made moan, "Ah! the back of the cart isn't what it used to be."

Nor can we advance without criticism. The only thing for us to do is to push criticism to a legitimate conclusion and criticise our critics. If we are told, "There were giants in those days," let us remembering some who have lagged into our time, inquire whether the mountains of other days did not derive some altitude from the flatness of the surrounding country? Hasn't the average stature increased? Was the pie that mother used to make so wonderful or was our gastronomic taste more jejune? After all, upon what does the present criticism hang?

What is the function of the stage?

What is the present public taste?

* * * *

I DO not believe that the purpose of any art is morality. Art may be brought to the service of morality. It may have enormous power for teaching. But to say that the stage is moribund because an excellent play, well acted, teaches no civic or religious lesson is unjust to the purpose of the theatre.

The play at its best, may amuse or instruct or satirize or flagellate but it may do none of these things and be an admirable specimen of the mimetic art. To say that the stage is decayed because it does not arrogate the functions of the pulpit or rostrum is a misunderstanding of its mission. Moses proscribed certain foods thousands of years before modern medicine warned us against trichinae. The Catholic Church insisted on fish when men lived on meat alone. Both helped health in the authority of religion but surely no one will claim that the duty of religion is to provide the sanitary menu.

If the stage were carried on by the necessity of proving the immortality of the soul, the seats of the theatre would be as empty as the benches of the church. The hope of every good actor is to produce plays so good that nobody will come to them except on a pass, but his necessities demand sustenance. So he tries to compound between the public taste in its majority which would crowd his theatre and wound his self-respect as an artist and a man, and his own ideal which might frighten a frivolous public from the playhouse doors.

Happy, indeed, is he who is able to gild the pill of real merit with the sugar of entertainment; who is able to inoculate his audience with a dash of intelligence by subcutaneous and unsuspected injection "Those who live to please must please to live."

* * * *

THAT there are entertainments, so-called, which disgrace the theatre, all will admit. But this is because a certain class and a large class are as far afield in an opposite direction from the purpose of the theatre as are our reverend critics. If the purpose of art is not propaganda of religion neither is it exaltation of filth. If a propagandum play may be justly called sensational what shall we say of one which panders to obscenity? The remedy of theatre-goers is to close their pockets to such "shows." They should hold up the hands of worthy managers and decent actors, not charge to honest workmen the faults of their incubi and the bad taste of patrons.

After all, there is nothing like the stage as a mirror of the life that is about it. If the brief chronicles of the time are piffing it is because the time is piffing. The six successes of the theatre may challenge comparison with the six best sellers of the bookstore which may be said to represent the literary taste of the day. Let us not stop the making of books for that reason. When cranks or perverts cloak their indecencies or stupidities with the name of religion we don't condemn the church; we fight the cult.

"In religion, what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text. Hiding its grossness with fair ornament."

Let us extend this conduct and this charity to the theatre. What



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

FLORENCE WALTON

This popular dancer who went abroad to join her husband, Maurice, who had served in the Red Cross, is now back in America appearing in the "Ziegfeld Follies." This is the costume she wore when she danced for the Queen of Roumania

history runs. In our Christian era the first cycle closed with the ruin of the Roman Empire; the second closed with the visible foundations of the new Christian society; the third closed with the completion of the great Medieval Age, the most perfect society created by man; the fourth is closing with the anarchy of the twentieth century, all things in devilish ferment, all beliefs, conclusions, theories, denied or disputed, and men seeking salvation by the sword. The modern stage, as a product of this fourth cycle, weakened by the same errors and diseases, must fall with it. So the Roman stage perished with the Empire in the first cycle, after successfully resisting the attack of Christianity. That is one reason.

The other is that the commercial power of the community has gripped the stage, the dramatists, the critics, the producers, the theatres, the very routes of the players, and nothing can be wrought which does not promise handsome profits. That condition is hopeless, the situation is impregnable. What then is to be done? What the early Christians did. When they could not destroy, or reform the corrupt pagan stage, they founded a stage of their own, out of which grew the modern institution. They paralleled the Roman institution, to use a railroad phrase, probably invented when the West Shore took the west bank of the Hudson in competition with the New York Central. This will be a much easier task than in the fourth century, because the churches and societies of the Catholic faith have good theatres and well-trained audiences in every city of the land, which a capable manager could easily provide with good companies and fine plays the year round. The modern stage is doomed both by its financial character and its submission to the errors and fads of the time. It is not worth while fighting for its reform, or stuffing it with nostrums, or debating methods of aid. It will die of triviality as to its form, it is already dead as to its substance.

is the remedy? Subvention. Nothing is falsier in art than that the demand creates the supply. The supply of the beautiful always antedates the demand. Demand follows by slow stages and hard. We would be wearing cotton to-day if subvention and patronage had not taught the greater possibilities of beauty in silk.

The best means for the uplift of the taste of theatre-goers is the subsidized theatre. Surely there are many artists who will meet them more than half way. Not a toy theatre of snobbish society with a manager selected because he looks well in a dress suit: not a coterie of long-haired men and short-haired women determined to pour out continental degeneracy in the name of art: but a regular theatre with regular actors to present plays which have weathered the bad taste of a decade, or a century.

Culture doesn't spring up in a night. It must be fostered, tenderly cared for, like any flower. But don't let it have too much fertilizer. Morality has its rights apart from the theatre or in it. It is your duty as citizens and well-wishers of the stage to protest against commercial panders who present to our wives and daughters in the name of art, a phase of life for which a house two doors away would be raided by the police. I know a lot of managers, some ignorant, some less, but I don't know one who wouldn't rather produce a clean play than a dirty one if the public would patronize him.

The theatre is elastic. There are many workers in the theatre (I will not say artists because it perhaps sounds pretentious) who are earnest and ambitious. Every community gets as good a theatre as in the large it deserves. Your desires will determine. Your pockets will prescribe. For those who do not know we must have pity and hope. For those who arraign the theatre on Sunday and patronize its worst exposition on Monday—well, the proper attitude to the Pharisees was established by the son of God two thousand years ago.

CONVENT-BRED THESPIANS

By HUBERT SAVILE



SHAKESPEARE, the patron saint of actors and actresses, caused Hamlet to say to Ophelia, "Get thee to a nunnery!" It is a curious fact that many of the successful stage-players were educated in religious institutions. A careful investigation reveals some interesting details.

Sarah Bernhardt, undoubtedly the greatest actress of this generation, was educated at the Convent de Grandchamps, at Versailles, and is said to have astonished the good nuns by her dramatic ability, even as a young child.

Mary Anderson, whose beauty and charm attracted great attention a generation ago, was educated at the Ursuline Convent and Presentation Academy, in Louisville, Kentucky, and all through her life has remained sincerely devoted to the church.

Eleanor Robson was educated at the Sisters of St. Peter's Academy, near Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, and even before her marriage to August Belmont, and her retirement from the stage, was deeply interested in Roman Catholic institutions and charities.

Maxine Elliott, one of the great beauties of the American stage, attended the Notre Dame Academy, at Roxbury, Massachusetts, Julie Opp, another great beauty, was born in New York, and attended a local convent. Marie Nordstrom went to Georgetown Convent, District of Columbia.

Ethel Barrymore went to the Convent of Notre Dame in Philadelphia. Ethel and her brothers, Lionel and John, were brought up in the faith of their mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore, who became a convert to Roman Catholicism. Ethel Barrymore was instrumental in the conversion of her cousin, Louise, daughter of John Drew.

Lillian Russell was educated at the Convent of

the Sacred Heart, in Chicago, and in after years sent her daughter, Dorothy Solomon to a convent. Dorothy Donnelly attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart, New York City. Minnie Maddern Fiske went to convents in Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Margaret Mayo went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Salem, Oregon. Marguerite Clark attended the Brown County Convent, in Ohio, and has always held to a high ideal in her work on the stage and before the camera. Adele Ritchie went to the Villa Marie Convent, in West Chester, Pennsylvania.

Rose Stahl was educated at the Convent of Mont St. Marie, in Montreal. Miriam Nesbitt attended St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame, Indiana. Adelaide Keim went to St. Joseph's Academy, in New York City.

Pauline Chase, who achieved fame and fortune as "Peter Pan" in England, was educated at the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, in Washington, District of Columbia. Cecilia Loftus, who long specialized in imitations of stage celebrities, went to the Convent of the Holy Child, in Blackpool, England. Marie Tempest, who triumphed first in comic opera and then in plays without music, attended the Convent des Ursulines, at Thildonck, Belgium.

Minnie Palmer, for many years an international favorite, especially in a piece called "My Sweetheart," was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Manhattanville, New York. Sadie Martinot, who created the part of Hebe in the American production of "H. M. S. Pinafore," and only recently retired from the stage, was educated at the Ursuline Convent, in Westchester County, New York.

Among the well-known actors who were educated at Roman Catholic institutions are Arnold

Daly, who attended the Sacred Heart Academy, in Brooklyn, and William Courtenay, who went to the Holy Cross College, in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Wilton Lackaye attended Georgetown University, in the District of Columbia, as did also Willard Mack, who has been highly successful as an actor and a playwright. Emmett Corrigan attended St. Joseph's College, in Baltimore, and James J. Corbett, formerly a fighter but now an actor, went to the Sacred Heart College, in San Francisco.

After Maude Adams' appearances as the pathetic little Duc de Reichstadt in "L'Aiglon" in 1901, her health gave way and she suddenly left the stage to seek rest in Europe. It was not until some months later that the public learned that their favorite actress had taken refuge from a noisy world in a convent at Tours, France. There for months Miss Adams lived the life of the nuns, and on her return to New York she arranged in her house half a block from fashionable Fifth Avenue an exact replica of the cell she occupied in the convent—the bare white walls, the iron bedstead, pathetic in its simplicity.

Fritz Williams, at the age of fourteen, attracted attention as Sir Joseph Porter in a juvenile "Pinafore" company, after which he became known as a concert soloist, singing "Gilmore's American Anthem" at a concert at Madison Square Garden on St. Patrick's Day, 1880. During this time he was studying at St. John's College, Fordham, New York, from which institution he graduated at the age of twenty.

The early training received by these actors and actresses must surely have moulded their characters and taught things that have never been forgotten, even through the trials and tribulations of a stage career.



Photos White

Violet Wilson and some of the girls supporting Lew Fields in "A Lonely Romeo," the musical comedy in which this popular comedian has returned to the stage with extraordinary success



Arthur Allen and Katherine Alexander in their amusing scene satirizing the mental healing fad in Act 1 of "Love Laughs," the comedy at the Bijou

LIGHTING THE MODERN PLAY

The stage artist has awakened up to the unlimited possibilities of lighting effects

By GRACE T. HADLEY



BARRIE'S best comedy "Dear Brutus" gets its title and its inspiration from two of Shakespeare's plays—"Julius Caesar" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In the lines from the first, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars. But in ourselves, that we are underlings," is found the keynote to the characters. Lob is the reincarnation of Puck, or the Spirit of Benevolent Mischief; while the mysterious wood in Act II of "Dear Brutus" could have been derived from no other source of inspiration than "A wood near Athens" in Act II of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which take place the "moonlight revels" of the fairies and the comedy play of mortals. The Philanderer in "Dear Brutus" has his prototype in Demetrius in the *Dream*. There is leaf-filtered moonlight, "Philomel with melody," the "night-rule about the haunted grove" and all the weirdness that characterized the wood near Athens.

In "Dear Brutus" the curtain rises upon a darkened room in Lob's house. A door opens and the gloom within the living room is suddenly pierced by a shaft of light. A group of ladies enter and grope their way into the room while one finds the electric switch and turns on the lights. It is a real switch and there is the sudden flooding of the room with light familiar to everyone who presses an electric button. A beautiful rose garden is visible without the room in which grow the blooms of which Lob is so fond. The ladies are concerned with certain mysterious happenings in the house and the motive of their eccentric host in inviting them to his house party.



IN the garden is the blue of night, the atmosphere of a midsummer evening. After the flooding of Lob's living room with light there begins a gradual dimming of the light, so gradual the audience is practically unaware of it but it is very necessary as the conversation turns more and more upon the mystic. The curtains concealing the rose garden are drawn as action proceeds, then as the mystery of the wood takes definite hold upon Lob's guests, Dearth's question shapes itself pointedly: "Lob, what do we get in that wood?" and Lob makes reply, "You get what everyone is wishing for—a second chance."

When the curtains are drawn back the garden has disappeared and on the very threshold apparently the wood is seen. The effect is very impressive. Within the room the players are still in the Real while beyond lies the Unreal into which one by one they step determined to ascertain what might have happened had each one taken a different turning.

In this play the stage artist has awakened up to the unlimited possibilities of color and the intensity and distribution of lighting effects. But there is more in stage lighting than mere color and intensity. Light is an artistic medium. Light varying in purity, intensity, color and distribution can be the means of arousing the sense of beauty. This is well worked out in the play of "Dear Brutus." In the presentation of this play the management of the lights is so important that the master electrician has an understudy. No longer are the artists the only persons who have

understudies, but in lighting the modern play the proper illumination cannot be entrusted to unskilled hands, but there must be an understudy for the man at the dimmer box.

All of the lights are controlled from this dimmer box and the master electrician never takes his eyes from the stage and the action. His light play is not static. There must be a sequence of colors or intensities depending entirely upon the skill with which lighting effects are handled. Nowadays in the modern play lights are rehearsed as well as the players. In "Dear Brutus" there was a strenuous rehearsal with the lights and when just the right effect was obtained the stage manager would cry aloud: "Hold that!" and the master electrician made careful note of the effect. During the progress of the play he works every instant never taking his eyes from the action of the play nor his hands from the dimmer box, in which there is concentrated control of all the lights.



ACT II takes place in the wood itself. It is a wonderful forest scene. The trees are so illuminated that they appear huge, round, gigantic. The problem in lighting this act was to illuminate the players and to retain the mystery of a haunted grove. For this woodland scene there is a whole battery of moonlight lamps, and other lights from the fly gallery to prevent flat effects and to suppress shadows. Against this background of a weird wood, the players must play comedy and they must be well illuminated without detracting in the least from the moonlight and mystery.

A play is an animated picture in which scenery is not always the main thing. Rather is it suggestive of the surroundings in which action occurs—a background that serves by contrast to focus attention on the players. Neither by its absence nor presence should it detract from the play. Truly dramatic situations demand dramatic backgrounds. The art of the stage does not consist in presenting a dramatic episode in the midst of humdrum, commonplace surroundings, but in setting off this episode against a background just as imaginative as the play itself, and just as interpretative of nature as the drama is of life itself.



THE use of mobile color has helped to solve this difficulty. Through its use, the appearance of backgrounds can be varied by suitable lighting effects so that feeling is produced expressive of the mood in which the play develops. This is especially true of the production of "Dear Brutus," a highly imaginative play with the second act placed in a highly imaginative setting, a magic forest of Might Have Been! This demanded careful study not only of the setting itself, of the color used in painting the scenery, but also the effects produced by variations in hue, intensity and distribution of light.

Peter Pan was considered an admirable example of good American stage lighting, but "Dear Brutus" surpasses in artistic lighting effects even that interesting production. Beginning with the gloom of an unlighted living room

in an English house, passing suddenly to the brilliancy of complete illumination, gradually decreasing to the mysterious leaf-filtered moonlight effect in the wood, lighting the characters in their comedy play, presenting at the right moment the mysterious little house in the wood, dimming the lights as action decreases until there is a complete fade-out of the wood with the heart-rending cry of the charming little daughter, played so artistically by Helen Hayes for her might-have-been "Daddy," William Gillette the dénouement of Barrie's delightful play dramatic to the last degree!

A few years ago Maude Adams, who has been a great student of stage lighting, got word of a foreign idea that promised well. In the old-fashioned theatres of Europe where stock companies make many changes of bill, a prompter is necessary. This important person must be in position to give first aid to the player with faulty memory, so down at the foot-lights there is a hole in the stage covered with a shell-like shield that hides the prompter from the audience. The foreign idea was to place the electrician in the prompter's place and have him work his lighting effects from a position where he could see directly what he was doing and just exactly what the effects were.



AFINE idea," said Miss Adams, "but not as artistic as it would detract from the effects to be achieved on the stage," so upon further consideration it led to a special switchboard or dimmer box built in sections that could be quickly joined together and easily moved despite its weight. This could be placed in the orchestra pit, the connection with main feed wire easily made and the electrician in evening dress could sit after the fashion of a pianist in the orchestra and quietly handle his levers and dimmers as the play proceeded.

It is the Maude Adams switchboard that is being used so effectively in "Dear Brutus." Its position is such that the master electrician has a fine view of the stage in all but one scene. This was a difficulty but it was overcome. A part of the equipment of the dimmer box is a telephone that has connection with a receiver in the rear of the theatre. When this particular scene is on, an assistant in the rear of the house telephones the required changes to the man at the box.

One of the greatest effects in "Dear Brutus" is the way in which the light is concentrated in desired places.

The instructions for the scene "In the Wood" seemed almost impossible:

"Two-thirds of the stage must be bathed in deep blue light—moonlight intensified. The characters appearing, however, must be so bathed in white light that their every expression can be noted by people not only in the orchestra, but in all parts of the house."

This was worked out with the aid of 1,000 watt lamp in glass-lined reflector. Such a lamp is used for special bright illumination or part of the scenery, setting or groups.

A battery of these lamps is used in producing the much desired effects.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY AMATEURS EVERYWHERE



HUNTER COLLEGE PRESENTS "A THOUSAND YEARS AGO"

By Myrril Isaacs

THE season's tendency to oriental plays was reflected in Hunter College's choice of Percy MacKaye's Chinese romance, "A Thousand Years Ago," as the annual Varsity A matinee performance and two evening performances were given in April, in the college chapel, New York. And in spite of the fact that the expenses of the play amounted to nine hundred and fifty dollars, the business committee was able to report a profit of six hundred dollars, of which was used to pay for a very beautiful gold curtain which served as a background for the action, obviating the necessity for elaborate scenery, lessening the work of the scenery committee, and shortening the time necessary for shifting. The balance of the profits will be used for a Students' Activity Fund.

"A Thousand Years Ago" is a quaint fantasy whose keynote is struck in Capocomico's speech, "In China the world lies adream like a thousand years ago," a note that was sustained in every detail of the College production, the actors wearing Chinese costumes, the orange-red programs being decorated with clever Chinese drawings, the odor of incense perfuming the air, while Chinese flags decorated the Chapel



George Muller as the Police Sergeant and Thomas Moore as the Ragged Man in "The Rising of the Moon," as presented at the New York University. The clever work of these two amateurs was a rare treat

walls and the orchestra played weird Oriental music. Nothing was lacking that could possibly create the illusion that the audience had left this workaday world and were back in the China of a thousand years ago.

This illusion was sustained by the gorgeous costumes and the excellent work of the cast with Helen Luckey, Minna Ast, and Helen Feldman in the leading rôles of Capocomico, Turandot, and Calaf.

IN producing their annual Varsity play the girls of Hunter College were aided by all the departments of the College, the Art Department supervising the painting of scenery, and the entire production being under the direction of the Spoken English Department of which Professor Henrietta Prentiss is the head. The aim of the College, however, was to make the production of the play a student activity, and practically all details were taken over by the members of a student committee, chosen by popular election. This year's committee, which was under the leadership of Florence Flynn, was composed of one member from every class except the Lower Freshmen. Immediately after its election the com-

(Concluded on page 58)



Scene from "A Thousand Years Ago," at Hunter College, New York, to which the gorgeous Chinese costumes (loaned for the occasion) gave an air of Oriental splendor. The cast, left to right: (seated) Ruth Fusteig, Lillian Aronsohn, Minne Ast, Florence E. Hub, Dorothy Landes, Frances L. Mertz, Mollie Golomb, (kneeling) Iona Logie, Helen Luckey, Cecil Schapiro, (standing) Fredericka Hertel, Augusta Holzer, Edith Hahn, Rose Heller, Sophia B. Heyen, Marie McGuinness, Helen Feldman, Charlotte Berg, Juliette Tombacher, Frances Reichman, Augusta Shatz, Eleanor Gordon, and Louise Rubinstein

HOW TO ORGANIZE AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT

By

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY



THERE is no form of community drama that makes a wider appeal than the historical pageant, and in ratio, no form of community drama which, in order to be successful requires a greater amount of foresight in being planned for. And it is in the hope of being of service to communities that are planning for pageants that the following practical pageant suggestions are given. The year 1920 in which we are to celebrate the Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrims promises to be the greatest pageant year America has ever had. Therefore, it is well to consider plans in advance, to unite practicality with enthusiasm.

SELECTION OF PAGEANT

THE community wishing to give the Pageant will naturally determine whether the pageant is to be elaborate or simple, basing their choice on the following considerations.

Is the Pageant to be a free civic celebration?

Is it to be given in a large city, a smaller town, or a tiny village?

How many people can be counted upon as being willing to take part in it? Two thousand? One thousand? Five hundred? Two hundred and fifty? In other words, is it to be small or large?

If the Pageant is not to be given free, with funds donated by the city, but is to have an admission charge, then how much of an audience can be counted upon? And at what prices? And what are the seating facilities?

Will selling two-thirds of the seats cover the expenses of the Pageant?

Will it be wise to have the Pageant for one day only or for three or four days? (or nights, as the case may be?)

What holiday is the best on which to give the Pageant? The holiday nearest to a Saturday is often a wise choice, as in case of rain it gives two days when working people can attend or take part.

Is the Pageant to be indoor or outdoor? This choice greatly influences the Pageant, for, be the Pageant small or large, it must have adequate stage space; and it should have good acoustics.

PAGEANT COMMITTEE

THE Pageant Committee should consist of the Chairman of the Pageant who consults and advises with all the other chairmen.

The Chairman of the Pageant Site, who in consultation with his Committee selects the place where the Pageant is to be given; gives orders about the grand-stand, the parking of vehicles, the number of ushers, and ticket men for the sale and distribution of tickets.

Chairman of Organization. This is the most important Pageant chairmanship. He must see

that the whole Pageant is drawn together; that the principal parts are filled, and that there are sufficient number of supernumeraries; that the rehearsals are going well, and that there are no slackers anywhere along the line.

Chairman of the Casting Committee. This Chairman must see that the right people are chosen for the right parts; that the right clubs or societies or groups of people take the right scenes.

Chairman of Pageant Rehearsals. This Chairman sends members of his Committee to attend the rehearsals and see that the participants are not absent when their scenes are being produced.



Some of the costumes shown here were resurrected from the attic trunks of the town forefathers, for the Pageant of Schenectady. The year 1920, celebrating the landing of the Pilgrims, promises to be the greatest Pageant year America has ever had, and in many cities, towns and villages, rich in historic interest—and forefathers too—community pageants will be given

Chairman of the Pageant Dances sees to it that the rehearsals for these dances are all properly attended; that there is a suitable hall in which to rehearse them, and that there is an accompanist for the dances.

Chairman of Pageant Music should see that the Pageant choruses and the Pageant orchestra or band are doing their work; that they have full membership, and that there is a suitable place for them to rehearse; that the music arrives on time, and that the duties of the Pageant chorus and orchestra or band are thoroughly understood. This Chairman must also settle all difficulties arising from combining amateur musicians and musicians belonging to a union.

The Chairman of Pageant Costumes must keep track of the Pageant costumes and make sure that all the participants have their costumes ready and waiting by the time of the dress rehearsal; he or she is responsible for seeing that the costumes are hired from a good costume house, or if the costumes are made, that the materials are bought wholesale; that the costumes are accurate as to material, period and color.

The Pageant Treasurer. The Pageant Treasurer holds, disburses and keeps account of all the Pageant funds.

The Pageant Secretary. The Pageant Secretary answers all questions about the Pageant, attends to all correspondence, and sees that the dates and hours of rehearsal are sent out or conveniently posted.

The Pageant Director. The Pageant Director rehearses the Pageant, and his word is law in all that pertains to the dramatic and artistic side of the Pageant.

The Art Director. The Art Director sees that the Pageant costumes are correct in design, material, color, line, and period. Often the Art Director designs the costumes. With the Art Director works the Chairman of Costumes.

Music Director. As a rule the Music Director directs and leads the choruses and orchestra band. Also, this Director must see that the Pageant accompanist who plays for the dances is using the same tempo as the orchestra.

must attend many of the rehearsals to see how the music, incidental and otherwise, is to be used.

Chairman of the Press Committee. The Chairman must see that the right material is given to the press; that as much free advertising as possible can be secured, so that the audiences witnessing the Pageant will be large.

PAGEANT SITE

IF the Pageant is given out-of-door, the Pageant site or stage should consist of a level greensward flanked by trees on the right, left and background. These trees

form a screen from behind which the Pageant actors appear or disappear. There will be a suspense or culminative interest in the Pageant unless these tree screens, real or artificial, form the "wings" of the stage.

If the Pageant is given indoors in a hall or armory, the background may be hung with curtains of dark green denim, canton flannel, galatea. And against these curtains pine trees may be placed in picturesque groups. The bark of the pine trees should have denim or burk or cotton cambric bulked about it so as to make the pine trees appear to rise out of little natural hillocks.

HOW TO ORGANIZE THE PAGEANT

THE Pageant Committee must be organized first; next the separate episodes must be organized, and then the parts assigned. Each Pageant episode must have an Episode Leader who will take charge of that particular episode and consult with the Pageant Director when such consultation proves necessary.

PAGEANT PARTICIPANTS

IN choosing Pageant Participants care must be taken that the leading characters resemble the parts they represent since pageantry appeals largely to the eye. Minor characters may be chosen so much for appeal to the eye as to the ear. They should enunciate clearly. (Concluded on page 5)

DRAMATICS AT THE MASK AND WIG CLUB

By

THOMAS HART



THIRTY-ONE years ago, on the evening of June 8, 1889, to be exact, the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania presented at the Chestnut Street Opera House in the city of Philadelphia, "Lurline," its very first production.

During Easter Week of 1919, when "The Revue of Revues," (Production No. 31), was presented to the public, packed houses at the Forrest Theatre in the same city, bore witness to the great success which has attended this remarkable dramatic organization through its thirty odd years of existence.

For be it known that "Mask and Wig," and its quaint old clubhouse at 310 Quince Street, is an institution in the city of its birth. While the production is THE event of Easter Week in the calendar of Quaker City Society, more particularly is it the event of all events to those envied college youths of the Red and Blue who are privileged to take part in the performance.

MASK and Wig may be classed among amateur theatricals only because the "actors" and "actresses" are not professionals. In the loyalty of its graduates the Club is fortunate, for in Mask and Wig, unlike other college shows, the experience gained through many years of effort is never allowed to drift away. The same mistakes are not made each year. The older members of the Club, those who have been through it before and know, direct as to what is to be done and how it shall be done. The students, with their youth and energy do it, ably, willingly and proud in the realization that they have the most important part in upholding the traditions of the Club and the success of their particular show.

Last year, although greatly in lack of material owing to war conditions, "The Bridal Not" was presented and the proceeds turned over to war relief. Came the thought this year to those in charge—why not recall to life in this, the thirty-first production, memories of bygone successes of former years, and combine the whole into a modern Mask and Wig vaudeville, something different from all precedent, and yet something to which the Club by its very nature would be



The cast of "An American Stew." A clever satire on the politics of to-day in the recent Mask and Wig "Revue of Revues"

peculiarly adapted. Accordingly the Plays Committee, consisting of Charles Gilpin, Howard K. Mohr and Charles S. Morgan Jr., set for themselves the task of blending together costumes, dances, songs and sketches along the lines of a Ziegfeld's "Follies," thereby producing an altogether new Mask and Wig theory—that of a Revue.

THUS came into being "The Revue of Revues," a literary digest of Mask and Wig history and the current events of the day. There was no book, but there was a Plays Committee plus seventy-five ambitious youths who knew what had to be done. Some sketches were needed. Darrell Hevenor Smith of New York, who had previously written "Miss Helen of Troy," "Paradise Prison," and other vehicles for

the Club, was called upon and produced for this year, "An American Stew," and "Uncle Sam's House," two remarkable clever satires on the world-wide politics of to-day in which our country is involved. We find here the "League of Nations Stew a La Woodrow," while the chief chef himself is a speaking likeness of the President. In the house where Uncle Sam resides, we find also his two sons, Capital and Labor, who are greatly perturbed at the entrance of Mr. Common People and Prohibition to disturb their rest. An allegory of peculiar cleverness, it provides the nucleus of Act two, for a Mask and Wig show must invariably possess two acts, and only two.

The music for the production was by Charles Gilpin. There is such a thing as Mask and Wig music; there has to be in order to provide a fit companion for the dancing which Charley Morgan has put into every production he has handled, and those who witnessed this season's opening performance, saw once again Ben Franklin, Old King Cole, Mr. Hamlet of Denmark, Mr. Rip Van Winkle, Alice in Wonderland and Captain Kidd, all former

title characters, brought to life one fleeting Mask and Wig season. Who can predict what famous characters of history will appear next year, for now that precedent has been shattered, it is likely to suppose that the revue idea will increase in proportion as its new Mask and Wig possibilities

THUS from the early days of February, the

Clubhouse at "310," once an old barn, and now one of the most picturesque clubhouses in Philadelphia, has been the center of all current Mask and Wig activities. There, night after night, came the youths from across the Schuylkill, intent on making the thirty-first the best of all. And it was at this quaint old barn that they absorbed into themselves the spirit of youth, jollity and companionship, that in the last analysis is the success of the Club. With its steins carefully hung on their respective pegs, with the pictures and play bills of former days on the wall, it is easy to realize how the undergraduate longs to "make" the Mask and Wig

(Concluded on page 52)



L. B. Seibert as "Old King Cole" in the Mask and Wig Club's "Revue of Revues," which scored a hit



H. J. Biberman as "Uncle Sam" in "Uncle Sam's House," a skit by Darrel H. Smith



H. J. Biberman as "Ben Franklin," the founder of the University of Pennsylvania, who comes to life to see his college once again

How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without personality, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.*

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually

fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of loveliness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word, would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed so. They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the true means. And often winning women were in the thirties, forties,



Juliette Fara

or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This includes you, dear reader. There are numerous real secrets for developing your personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know how alluring are the French girls. Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive, while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Fara whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak of YOU and for YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulae that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or over-modest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become discreetly and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be gentle and unassuming, to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a real art and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he does not know what you are accomplishing until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an appealing personality. Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an inspiring little book called "How" that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book "How" if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a lovely and winning personality.

Yours for Success in Life,

Juliette Fara



GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE

615 West 43rd Street, 104 A
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid, free of cost and without any obligation on my part, Madame Juliette Fara's little book entitled "How."

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THE PROGRAMME OF FASHIONS

PROLOGUE: DESIGNED BY HARRY COLLINS
LEADING WOMAN: IRENE CASTLE



Act I.....*Pour le Matin.*
Act II.....*Après Midi.*
Act III.....*Pour le Soir et Autre Temps.*
Act IV.....*Les Petites Elegances.*

DAYTIME FROCKS ASSUME a charming mode in their suggestion of Etonian days—boyish in simplicity but essentially feminine. Youthfulness and individuality is the keynote of all the models from the establishment of Harry Collins who has typified his ideas in the three gowns shown on this page, made exclusively for Mrs. Castle in her new picture, "The Firing Line," which is now being filmed by the Famous Players-Lasky Company.

The gown illustrated below is fashioned of burnt amber satin and although Bolero in effect, the jacket and waistcoat are joined by deep-toned ivory satin embroidered in fine tinsel thread. A novel cord treatment at the bottom of the skirt is a new feature and accents a delightfully slim silhouette. Topping this altogether harmonious picture is a smart chapeau of brown lisere straw.



A COATEE EFFECT is one of the ingenious notes sounded by the pipes of Fashion. It is difficult to imagine or design a more artistic and suitable frock for the tea hour or early evening affairs. Constructed of ocean blue georgette, every detail of this portrait gown, to the right of the page, bespeaks the skillful touch of artistic fingers. The very essence of daintiness and coolness is epitomized in the designs of the sleeve and the unique use of Tom Thumb fringe which decorates the long slim skirt and cunning jacket. The undersleeve and tucker are of hand-tucked white net which is visible beneath the chiffon. Exquisitely elegant is the finishing touch at the wrist and the handling of the wide satin girdle. A flowerlike hat completes the costume. The color combination is in pale green tulle, with a brim facing of changeable blue taffeta.



FOR DANCING, Mrs. Castle will captivate us with an eerie gown of indestructible voile in a new shade called sunset—an illusive combination of pumpkin and flame color. Grace and beauty are embodied in the flowing sleeve, the rosettes of satin and in the long tassels of silver balls and acorns. The renewed interest in the lovely art of dancing calls for our greatest ingenuity and thought in the selection of fabrics and colors for the warm evenings immediately upon us. Mrs. Castle's idea of correct dressing is to wear the things that are becoming to one's style of beauty, irrespective of what the makers of fashion give to the world as correct. It is interesting to note that this charming dancer prefers shades of grays, blues, pink or yellow. One of her favored gowns is of black charmeuse with long draped lines and long sash. A feature is the bib collar fashioned of convent embroidered handkerchief linen.





French Hosiery

Chiffons and lace suggest a bouquet of fragrant coolness for the boudoir. Inserts of pleated net at the lower edge of chemise and combination are attractive features of the new French undergarments

MODELS FROM BONWIT TELLER

TO fold the graceful drapery of chiffon and lace around the uncorseted figure or to adjust quickly a slip-on robe of lustrous satin over the sleeping garment, is to make preparation in the morning or later hours for the reception of friends a la Du Barry and at the same moment to enjoy the bliss of extreme relaxation. Such a gown invites the lassitude and langour that equals the beauty tonic of the hour's sleep before midnight. The thought is illustrated in the above sketch where two shades of yellow chiffon and Renaissance lace blend in a mist of beauty. Withal its delicate construction this slip-on model is intensely practical and simple in fashioning. The soft widths of lace drape into artistic convolutions on the bodice and swing into airy loveliness at the arm. An elaborate girdele of chiffon and silver tissue outlines the figure slightly and trails in graceful sash ends or lends itself to the influence of skillful fingers that may devise original treatment for such responsive fabrics. The efficient maid in the sketch is displaying to Madame one of the newest combinations. It is of crepe de Chine with a becoming yoke and bottom panel of wide filet lace and net. Medallions of Renaissance lace and net add further desirability to this little garment. Peeping from the drawer of the French lingerie chest, a sheer lawn petticoat elaborately embroidered solidly and in eyelet, calls attention to the necessity of its addition to the summer wardrobe. A sketch is inadequate to picture the exquisite beauty of the Georgette nightgown, dainty and flowerlike is it in texture and design. The inset of the Valenciennes lace at the bust line with small design of colored embroidery at neckline and sleeve is a novel creation for dream-land hours.

The bewitching chemise model is of fine handkerchief linen with touches of hand-embroidery and Valenciennes lace. Not content with this daintiness, it borrows further charm from the inserts of net at the sides. This cunning idea masks a very practical plan for allowing greater freedom of movement.

POUR LE MATIN

FRENCH MUSLINS CAN BE AS
NOTABLE AS THEY WISH WHEN
RUFFLES ARE FLUTED AND EDGED
WITH RICKRACK. HANDKERCHIEF
LINEN HOLDS FIRST PLACE IN
THE MORNING WARDROBE FOR
VERANDA AND GARDEN



IF one is not lounging in her boudoir, but feels the urge of coffee and toast on the breakfast porch or an hour in the garden, the three morning gowns in the group sketch offer dainty suggestions for the occasion.

A pink and white striped French muslin is the little gown at the right of the group. It has narrow flutings of white with rickrack trimming, that quaint and old-fashioned knitted lace of romantic days. The sleeve, in order to be individual, divides in petal effect at the elbow and forms a flower-like opening, for the arm. Wider flutings at the side of the skirt add a touch of youthfulness to this piquant costume. A surplus length of fluting becomes a fichu in effect, and encircles the waist at the back, forming a girdele finish.

There is a decided American touch woven into the charming designs of the other two gowns. Both are of white linen. The middle gown is a compromise between that which is demure and that which is dashing, in fact, it has both qualities and can therefore be worn on various occasions. The rich bonnaz embroidery qualifies really for quite an elaborate all-day wearing.

The insets of torchon lace on the third gown form a smart over-blouse design at the waistline which is a new handling of lace to provide the elongated waist effect. Sash ends of lace is a well thought out touch of a designer appealing to the lover of what is correct in dress.

The lovely leghorn hat boasts an only trimming, of white organdie with a drooping bow at the side back. Organdie on the hat—organdie bows on the parasol and organdie neckwear is exploited by the smartest designers and shops.

Chinese blue and pale grey linen make up most pleasingly in tailored dresses for the country. They are of the coat-dress design so much favored in recent seasons. Square necks and short sleeves banded with a deeper shade of the linen makes an attractive finish. Patch pockets add to the chic of such a tailored outfit. To be up-to-date it must slip on over the head, and fasten with crochet buttons at the neck.

Garet Lawrence as she appears in private life. Her success in "Tea for Two" assured a further success in "Wedding Bells," which opened in Washington on May 26



APRES MIDI

AFTERNOON TUNIC FROCKS OF

SATIN AND CHIFFON DESIGNED

BY HICKSON, APPEAR AS FORE-

RUNNERS OF REDINGOTE DAYS

FROCKS of satin and chiffon advance boldly into the arena of fashionable summer wearing apparel. There is no fight for position, as the successful debut of these fabrics several seasons ago, thrust them into undisputed leadership. The extreme simplicity of the two gowns shown on this page is very marked, yet the length and swing of the tunics suggests mightily the polonaise, a charming eighteenth century fashion which is rumored for early fall. Possibly Hickson senses the coming vogue, or perhaps it is instinctive for an eminent designer to feel the pulse of fashion through keen perception, but undoubtedly we will see a revival of the redingote style. The upper sketch illustrates the royal blue satin gown worn by Miss Lawrence in "Wedding Bells," designed for her exclusively by Hickson. The design is one which will undoubtedly be copied as a very effective afternoon gown. Fringe edging the tunic and tresses of cut silk fringe as a decoration are unique features of this extremely effective gown. The panel at the back swings from the waist and is longer than the side tunic. The farthingale easily develop from the present vogue for helmets, and the style is predicted; let us hope however, that an extreme of this seventeenth century fashion will not be precipitated upon us. The hat worn with the gown is one of the new and has a balloon crown that can be made high or low, pulled into a projection on one side and dipped into a curve at the other.

A majority of afternoon hats are of unlined silk, flaring off and around the face like the petals of a large flower. Other hats in demand for afternoon wear are of leghorn straw circled with ostrich and almost invariably faced with a harmonizing shades

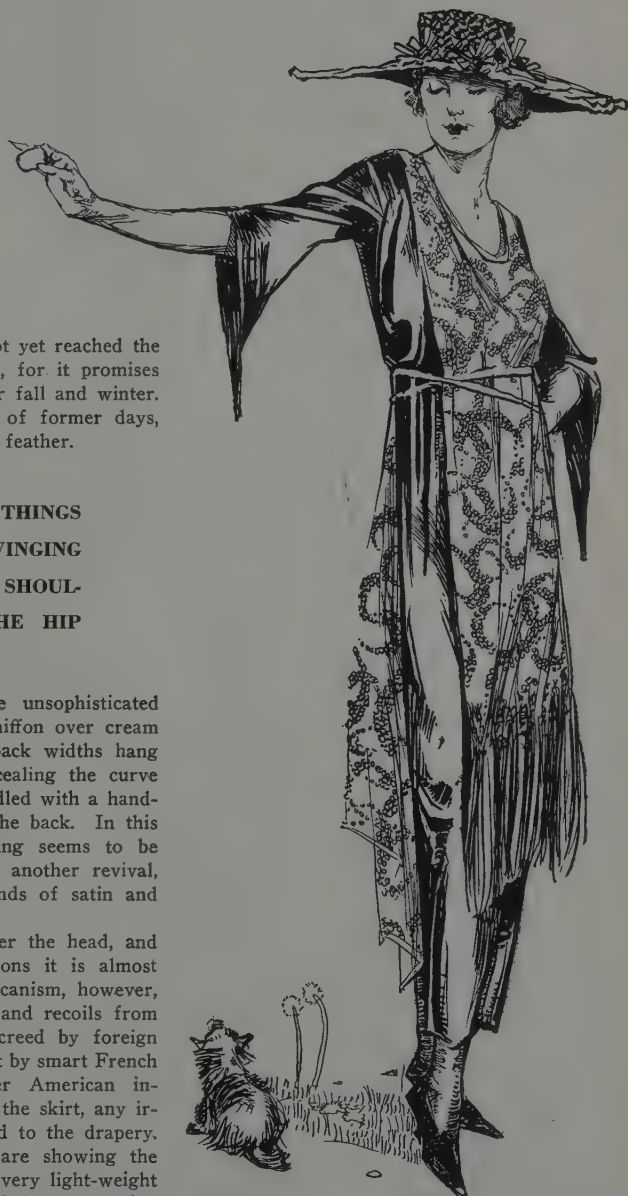
The vogue for ostrich has not yet reached the high water mark of popularity, for it promises to be even more in demand for fall and winter. Not the flowing mane variety of former days, but the glycerined or uncured feather.

THE CHARM OF THINGS TRANSPARENT, SWINGING FULL FROM THE SHOULDER OR FROM THE HIP

SYMBOLIC of youth is the unsophisticated gown of figured Paulette chiffon over cream colored satin—the front and back widths hang limply from the shoulder concealing the curve of the figure. The waist is girdled with a handmade silk cord tied loosely at the back. In this instance, the mode of trimming seems to be confined to fringe and tassels, another revival, but in keeping with the demands of satin and georgette.

This little gown slips on over the head, and like many of the Paris creations it is almost shapeless. To prove its Americanism, however, the skirt remains ankle length and recoils from the extremely short length decreed by foreign couturiers and worn with delight by smart French women. To emphasise further American independence there is no hike to the skirt, any irregularity of line being confined to the drapery.

The newest French models are showing the tunics distended by the use of very light-weight feather bone, the effect of which is too amusing to find instant favor.



POUR LE SOIR ET

STEIN & BLAINE DESIGN EVENING
GOWNS OF UNUSUAL DISTINCTION
FOR SOCIETY AND THE STAGE

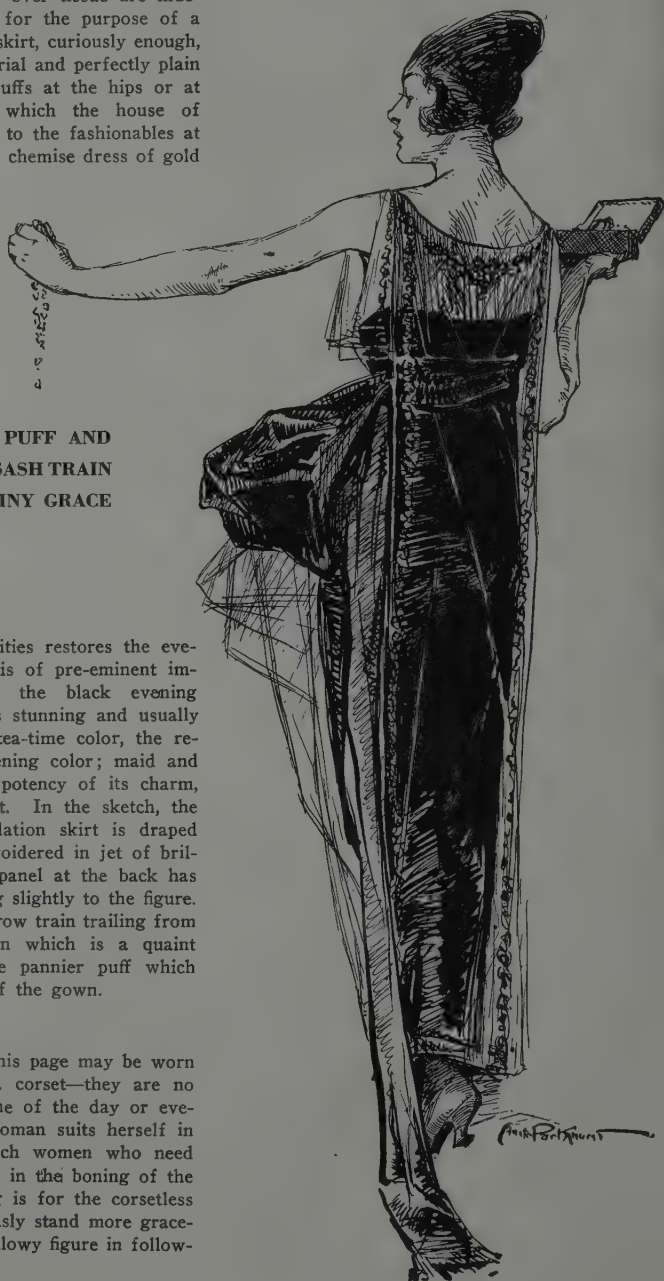


TRANSPARENT fabrics over the top of the body have created a stir wherever the subject of fashions is discussed. The upper part of the body from the waist up is about as nude as the law will permit and America has accepted the vogue which originated in France six months ago. By a peculiar psychology the backless bodice is tolerated by many women who object to a low décolleté in front. Bodices of crystal and silver embroidery or beaded net over tissue are indescribably soft and vague for the purpose of a severe little bodice. The skirt, curiously enough, is usually of heavier material and perfectly plain except for the big soft puffs at the hips or at the side pannier drapery which the house of Callot introduced recently to the fashionables at Monte Carlo. An unusual chemise dress of gold

and silver tissue is covered with lavender tulle and loosely belted at the waist by a long scarf of tissue or twisted tulle. The shoulder straps consist of strings of pearls.

Alluring wraps of lace and chiffon are worn with evening gowns. Draped in the Spanish style they are effective beyond words; or perhaps the chiffon may be edged with ruffles and hug the figure tightly in surplice fashion.

THE PANNIER-PUFF AND
THE NARROW SASH TRAIN
BLEND IN SATINY GRACE



THE grace and slimness of a satin gown has always been undeniable; but in the hands of a fashion sculptor, the sensuous beauty of the body of this fabric unfolds new and unsuspected possibilities. One can sense the creaminess and pliability of the ivory satin illustrated at the top of the page and applaud the great achievement of its drapery. Only in the manner of catching up the skirt at the front may we suspect that the designer may have felt the influence of some French couturiere, but one catches the real spirit of America in this lovely creation. The winsome wing bolero is delicately embroidered in crystal and silver with now and then a glimpse of pale gold tissue beneath its fragile tracery. The treatment of the train which is a continuation of the original satin girdle, is correspondingly attractive, shimmering alternately on either side in cream or gold pastels.

Many evening gowns of the lily silhouette achieve more graceful lines by swathing the figure and lapping over at the front drapery. If the gown is to be used for dancing, the advantages of such an opening are obvious, for twinkling feet are much more beautiful when viewed from the front—this method of providing an opening for the evening gown applies with equal success and comfort to the street or afternoon gown.

A RENEWAL of festivities restores the evening gown and satin is of pre-eminent importance. Unquestionably, the black evening gown is ever new, always stunning and usually becoming. Black is the tea-time color, the reception color and the evening color; maid and matron alike bow to the potency of its charm, and swear allegiance to it. In the sketch, the narrow black satin foundation skirt is draped in net and discreetly embroidered in jet of brilliant cutting. The loose panel at the back has a piquant tendency to cling slightly to the figure. This time we have the narrow train trailing from an immense puff of satin which is a quaint reminder of the old time pannier puff which forms a distinct feature of the gown.

THE gowns shown on this page may be worn successfully without a corset—they are no longer required at any time of the day or evening, but the American woman suits herself in these matters. The French women who need such support are finding it in the boning of the dress itself, but the ruling is for the corsetless figure. Women unconsciously stand more gracefully and attain a more willowy figure in following this new-old idea.

AUTRE TEMPS

WHEN Stein & Blaine designed gowns of chintz and challis for Miss Claire, the object was to obtain effectiveness for Miss Claire's type of beauty, correct mode and convenience—really gowns to be worn in place of sports clothes, gowns to be donned with the least possible exertion. Simplicity is the keynote of two gowns shown in the sketch; one of all white challis with two wide tucks in the narrow overskirt, with a frill at the waist of white organdie embroidered in red. The same plan repeats itself in the collar and loose cuff of the short sleeve.

Rose colored chintz fashions the gowns on the standing figure, and rose colored lace provides a lovely garniture for neck and sleeves. A Moyen Age effect is carried out at the waist which is slightly full in with a narrow tailored sash, and tiny tucks give added weight and charming finish to the gown.



Ina Claire, who is resting in the mountains for the summer, but doubtless planning lovely new gowns for her early Fall appearance in a new Belasco production

MISS CLAIRE CHOOSES GIRLISH GOWNS OF CHALLIS AND CHINTZ FOR ALL-DAY WEAR

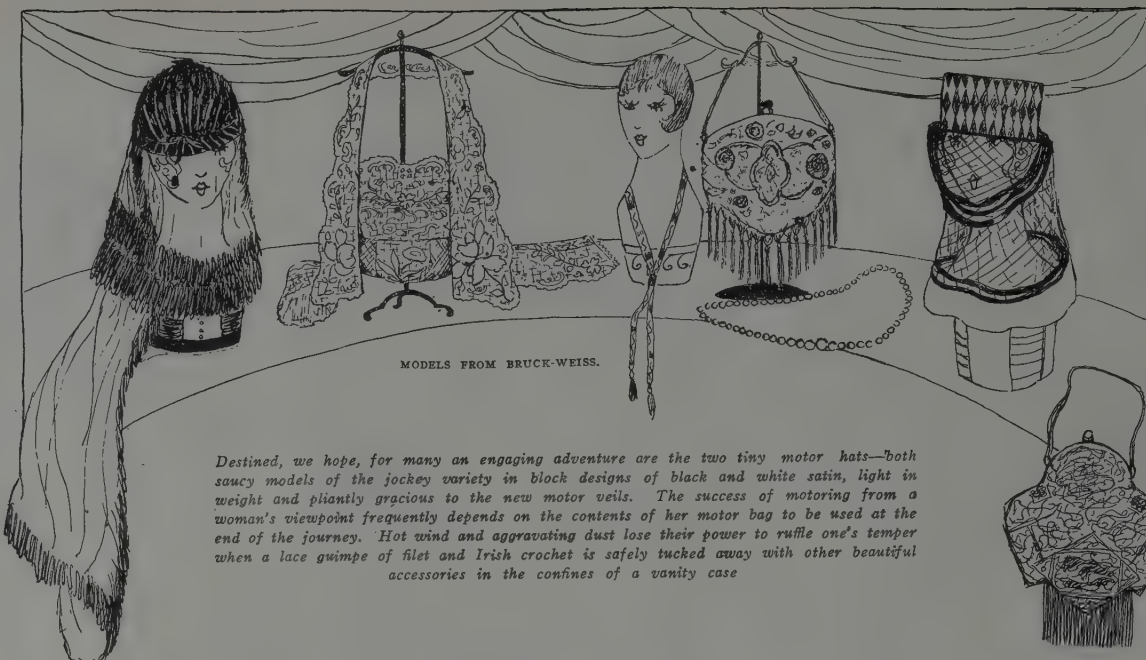


FOR GARDEN PARTY OR COUNTRY CLUB LACE AND GEORGETTE COMBINE IN PERSUASIVE SHADES

THERE is an unexplainable charm about a lace jacket or the semblance of a jacket fashioned of net or chiffon. Perhaps the secret lies in the bewitching grace of its lines which obligingly conceals or reveals the curves of the figure. The fall of the jacket can be extended over the hip to any desired length or it may stop abruptly at the waist line affecting a diminutive pinafore front. The idea has been successfully developed in the garden party frock sketched to the left, where lace net outlines the figure slightly and follows up an artistic advantage by appearing again at the sleeve in deep flouncing. In a wonderful shade of hydrangea georgette over gray satin, the gown delights the eye and is the embodiment of every desired feature in a summer gown. With a flaring hat of gray tulle pulled down over the eyes to show its crown of dull rose flowers, the entire effect of the toilette suggest a Gainsborough painting. We note the silhouette with pleasure and regret the thought of parting with it—for Paris prophesies full skirts for autumn days. However, the American woman does not yield as easily to the dictum of French couturiers as formerly—her individuality and independence in style of dress is becoming more manifest each day.

WHEN the summer girl goes to the races she wears taffeta, organdie and the inevitable figured georgette or chiffon. There is something decidedly attractive about a black taffeta frock if it is without ornamentation—a perky sash, a ruffle or two, the sleeves cut short and the neck cut low, and all the requirements for a successful summer toilette are fulfilled. It never looks warm if it is made simply and with the addition of a white frill or two, the result is decidedly cool and refreshing. A hat of black taffeta, showing a large bow of black organdie may be worn effectively, with a taffeta gown. Speaking of short sleeves—what is to be worn as an arm-covering during the day? The answer is, unless you wish to wear a long glove of white glace kid, you will wear long silk gloves or none at all. Clever little wristlets of black taffeta ribbon boasting a saucy little bow tie is a suggestion obtained from the dainty Marie Doro who is the personification of all that is flowerlike in appearance. It is almost impossible to buy long kid gloves in tans and grays—the vogue for short sleeves came upon us so suddenly that the manufacturers are at a loss to meet the insistent demand. The opportunity is ripe therefore for our leading women of fashion to launch a new armlet or bracelet idea.





MODELS FROM BRUCK-WEISS.

Destined, we hope, for many an engaging adventure are the two tiny motor hats—both saucy models of the jockey variety in block designs of black and white satin, light in weight and pliantly gracious to the new motor veils. The success of motoring from a woman's viewpoint frequently depends on the contents of her motor bag to be used at the end of the journey. Hot wind and aggravating dust lose their power to ruffle one's temper when a lace guimpe of filet and Irish crochet is safely tucked away with other beautiful accessories in the confines of a vanity case

LES PETITES ELEGANCES

"IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT—" CAREFUL DETAILS OF DRESS, LIKE CAREFUL DETAILS OF CONVERSATION, HAVE A FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE

THE smartly gowned woman revels in her private discoveries of where she can buy that "something different" which establishes for her a reputation of knowing what is correct in every detail of dress. New York more than any other American city, recognizes the increasing demand for specialty shops, and even the larger stores catering ever to a discriminating patronage are dividing their spacious floors into miniature shops where merchandise assumes a



more alluring aspect and where service becomes the perfection of artistry.

The small accessory affords much latitude to the woman who depends upon details in dress rather than on fundamentals. Veils, sashes, and neckwear are of immediate interest. At present there is no striking novelty in the actual design of the veil, the cachet depending upon the adjustment of its lacy substance. The short veil flaring below the eyes and cascading at the back is a piquant Spanish style, immensely becoming and picturesque. We may look for further influence from the Latin countries in the arrangement of veils, coiffures and shawls.

The infant veil at present is less absorbing than the more mature motor veil, which in order to attract attention, has found new ornamentation and methods of protection from sun and wind.

INDIVIDUALITY may express itself in the handling of the big squashable sashes which are in high favor, due to the many opportunities for ingenious draping.

There is no denying the impression made by well-chosen neckwear—and one is well advised to make such purchases under the name of a good maker, for there is perhaps no article of wearing apparel that is so beguiling in its promise of smart lines and durability. Organdie and tucked net provide a smart finish for any tub frock, and a slip of a gown may be entirely

transformed by the addition of exquisite neckwear.

Many well-dressed stage women have adopted the fashion of wearing sets of oriental jewelry with the simplest sort of satin frocks to express personality—then, too, many delightful superstitions may become manifest through such a vogue. It is very smart, indeed, to combine Imperial Jade with seed pearls, and if one is of a romantic turn of mind, she may be certain of a new heart affair, according to an ancient custom.

As to rings, the larger they are the better, many women subscribing to the fashion of wearing an oriental stone that covers at least half of the finger. In the sketch we find the complete set of oriental jewelry. The earrings are deserving of special mention for tiny seed pearls hover around the jade drop like a fringe of lace. The necklace speaks for itself and provides a unique poster effect against a neutral colored gown.

Bead bags grow in beauty of design and color but are smaller in size—the two bags shown in the sketch have unusual colorings; one is of henna, the other a combination of old blue and pale gold.

Fans dazzle us with their colorings and invite us to buy. Not many women, however, appreciate the possibilities in the rather neglected art of using a fan. For the sake of coquetry and arch glances; for the sake of providing an inviting background for a gown of severe simplicity, and for the sake of accenting the coloring of hair and eyes, introduce this lovely accessory to your wardrobe of fineries.

The lace mantilla also offers a new idea in the way of effects. Nothing in the realm of headgear is quite so romantic and becoming, and the box party at the theatre or opera brings one the opportunity of wearing this charming headdress.



MODELS FROM TIMOTHY F. CROWLEY

A new fichu collar of finest organdie, with a petal fold about the neck, offers a dainty suggestion for warm days

For the girl who commutes, a sleeveless guimpe of barred or novelty organdie contributes to a freshly appointed toilette. A mannish sport stock of tub silk adds distinction to any out-of-doors outfit, and is correctly worn with a linen taitleur—

Each month through "The Programme of Fashions" section there will be exploited fashion news and illustrations of ultra-smart wearing apparel as designed by American and European couturiers and sponsored by women of the stage and society. Inquiries are invited regarding fashions shown through these columns. This service is offered gratis to the readers of the Theatre Magazine. Address Pauline S. Morgan, Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg.

MISS ALICE BRADY

I LOVE Dorin's Compacts because they give you in a minute that rested look which every woman must have to appear at her best. I not only keep my favorite shades of La Dorine and Dorin's Compact

Rouge in my vanity box, but I have the large sizes on my dressing table. After the exhausting strain of stage work they banish the external traces of fatigue with entire success.

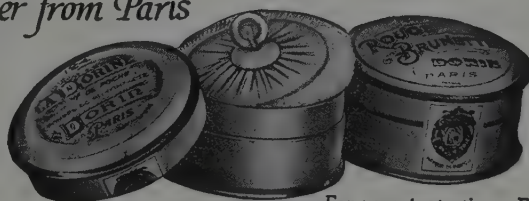
Alice Brady

LA DORINE

The Imported Compact Powder from Paris

WHAT IS YOUR COLORING? Send us a description of your hair, eyes and complexion, with 10c in stamps, and we will send you our booklet reproducing in full color seven different exquisite types of beauty with directions for choosing the correct shades of La Dorine and Dorin's Compact Rouges to harmonize with your natural tints. We will also send a sample of La Dorine and one of Dorin's Compacts selected by our complexion expert in accordance with your description.

La Dorine comes in four shades to harmonize with every complexion—Blanche, Naturelle, Rosee and Rachel. Dorin's Compact Rouges are in a variety of natural tones of which Rouge Brunette and Rouge Framboise are the favorites. Convenient hand bag size, 50c, for either Powder or Rouge. Large dressing table size, \$1.



For your protection: Dorin's Preparations are sold only in containers marked "DORIN, PARIS"



Photos Francis Bruguiere

Madame Namara, choosing presents—to send back to Mexico City where she has just been singing and making friends—from that famous half-moon vitrine that faces the entrance at Gidding's, hesitates between the choice of a carved comb traced with lines of sparkling blue, a jade pendant, and a fan

MADAME NAMARA TAKES ME SHOPPING WITH HER

By ANGELINA

TUESDAY is my lucky day, and three my lucky number. And when, in the course of the months, the clock ticks round to a Tuesday the third, something particularly fortunate invariably happens.

So when on leaving the office on a recent Tuesday morning my eye caught the magic number on the calendar I knew that destiny was even then cooking something auspicious for me. And sure enough, as I was walking up the Avenue a minute later, and had just arrived in front of Gidding's—you see how neatly fate had dovetailed me into the psychological moment—who should be getting out of her car but the lovely Madame Namara of the Chicago Opera Company.

* * *

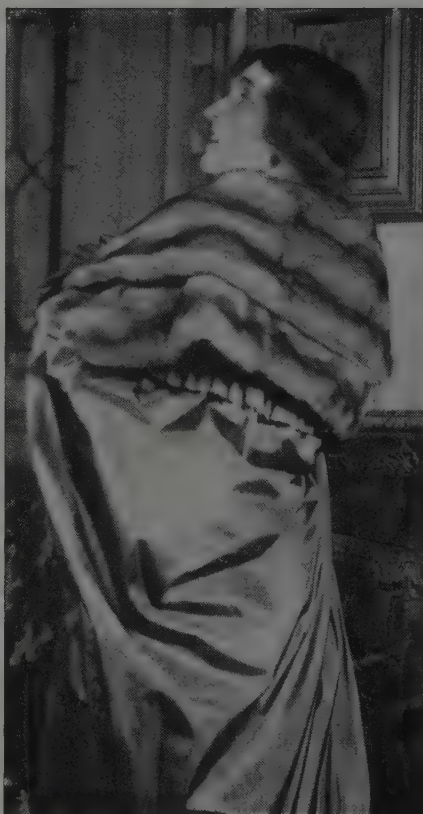
SHE'S one of the people I'm most keen about.

For half a dozen reasons! Not only because I admire her voice and her art, not only because she's so good to look at, with her fresh skin, large, wide-set blue eyes, and white, white teeth that go all the way back (some don't, you know). Not only because she's always so smartly and individually turned out, but also because she's so charming, so varied, so alive. She's one of the women to whom that over-worked and much-abused adjective, *fascinating*, really applies.

"I thought you were still singing on tour in Mexico City," I said, after our greeting.

"No, I've been back several weeks," elucidated Madame Namara, "out at Great Neck, vacationing with my baby and husband" (he comes into the story later). "We go up into the mountains next week, and I'm in town to do some important shopping, before going. Don't you like Gidding's to shop at? It's one of my pet places. So many wonderfully different and unusual things under the same roof. Why can't you come in, and go round with me, and we'll have lunch at the Ritz after. Do."

And so that's the way that happened.



Above stairs, in one of the salons devoted to gowns and wraps, Madame Namara tries on an evening cloak of rose taffeta with brown fur collar, not because, as she says, she really needs an evening cloak at that moment, but because the coats are such bargains for such beauties, and because her playwright-husband-Guy-Bolton, who, such a pity! is just 'round the margin of the picture, insists on making her a present

INSIDE, Madame Namara stopped in front of the famous half-moon vitrine that faces the door, and that contains such multifold treasures.

"While I was in Mexico City I took a villa, instead of trying to stay at the hotel, like the rest of the company," she explained. "People used to come in for lunch and tea, and I made several very interesting friends, who were charming to me. I want to send them back a remembrance. What would you suggest?" she asked, turning to the clerk.

"How about an unusual string of beads?" he began. "Or one of these small gold vanity boxes on a short black silk cord? The rectangular shape and the cord are very new. Or this pendant of carved jade to hang at the end of a chain or a ribbon? Jade the stone is more popular than ever since jade has come in as a fashionable color. Or better yet, how about a fan? We have some wonderful fans that have just come in from a famous collection."

"A fan! Just the thing, isn't it?" exclaimed Madame Namara, and turned to me holding it up for my confirmation. "They may have fans in Mexico, but none like these."

* * *

THEN there was a choice to be made between a bead bag of the conventional pattern and one of the new "miser" bags of netted silk with steel beads, and some lovely carved combs that had just come in from Paris. And while we were still on the main floor, Madame Namara couldn't resist a hat she saw, nor a French blouse. And, a filet crochet sweater, in pale grey silk. Because, although she already has a filet crochet sweater in sunflower yellow, that has sleeves, and you can't have too many, and anyway grey is one of her favorite colors.

After which we went up to the fifth floor to select a motor coat for hot days, the choice falling on a deep cream linen one,—really no more nor less than a kind of glorified, dear old-fashioned linen duster. We were tipped off—



No one who goes to shop at Gidding's for a frock, or a suit, or a wrap or a blouse, or whatever, gets away without being snared by a Gidding's hat. They have a reputation, especially with the actress, all their own; whether they have been brought over from Paris, or confectioned to suit the individuality right in the house. Madame Namara has discovered one that "just must" be hers—a wide-brimmed, floppy-brimmed dark blue straw, faced with blue taffeta and wreathed with field flowers, red, yellow, blue, from which long green grasses fall out over on the brim

As Madame Namara has such a reputation for smart and individual costumes, you will like to know that this shopping frock for a warm summer day is of beige poplin criss-crossed with lines of midnight blue, the sleeveless (please note) jacket being worn over a blouse of linen with valenciennes-edged frills; that the small turban has panaches on either side of midnight blue paradise; and that there are blue silk stockings and brown leather pumps on the slender feet. As to the bead bag Madame Namara is holding up for inspection at that famous vitrine of "goodies," it is "very unusual" she is saying. "She has never seen any quite like it, with the alphabet going round the top."

That's one of the beauties of Gidding's, you know they know the latest "what's what"—that these were to be exceedingly smart this summer.

* * *

AT this juncture enter, on the scene, via the elevator, (upper left) the celebrated playwright Guy Bolton. What was he doing in Gidding's? Well, he happens to be Madame Namara's husband for one thing. And then, it seems, quite unlike A Husband, he likes to come shopping with her and help her select. Perhaps the fact of his English origin has something to do with that. Englishmen, you know, are much more accustomed to go shopping with their ladies than Americans.

Madame Namara introduced me. I was ever so thrilled. Mr. Bolton is quite as charming as she is, young and good-looking, with jolly English clothes. They're really a most remarkable pair.

* * *

THEN we went on with the shopping, Mr. Bolton and I ensconced on one of the comfortable little padded sofas that encircle the pillars in the centre of the salon—just made for husbands shopping—and Madame Namara acted as mannequin, displaying the modes on her slender, graceful figure. She darted animatedly into the little galleries, on either side of the room, where the models hung, chose this and that with the help of the attendant, and then posed each before the mirror for our inspection. It was the greatest fun!

When in the course of the process—a straight-hanging cape-wrap of henna-colored tricotine with a large grey angora collar having been previously selected and set aside—Madame Namara arrived at a cloak of deep rose-colored taffeta, brown-fur collared, Mr. Bolton registered distinct approval, and signified a wish that she have it. "But I don't really need an evening cloak at this moment, dear," protested Madame Namara.

"Take it anyway, as a small token of my esteem," insisted the playwright.

And Madame Namara, agreeing that it was a pity such a beautiful bargain should escape, obediently did as she was bid.

After which delightful and merry hour, we passed on to the Ritz. Was it, or was it not, a lucky Tuesday the third?

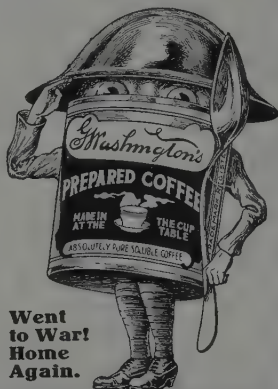


G. Washington's COFFEE

"All's Well That Ends Well"

The finishing Touch to a good Dinner, whether it cost twenty-five cents or ten dollars a plate, is a good cup of Coffee. And if you use G. Washington's Coffee you know it's good. Of Dinners, as of other things, it may be said, "All's well That Ends Well." Also makes delicious iced coffee.

Made in the cup at the table—instantly—with hot or cold water.



**Went
to War!
Home
Again.**



The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD



THOUGH it was not possible to take a franchise beforehand it has occurred to "The Vanity Box" that many of its readers might like to have us say something on the subject of hushing-up grey hair. And we have therefore been giving our attention in a small way to the modern methods of accomplishing this.

Grey hair is charming and piquant under certain circumstances. It is charming even when premature, if the skin that goes with it is very fresh and young looking, the coloring pink and white, of which the Baroness de Meyer with her bobbed grey curls is an enchanting instance. So, too, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, and several more society women whom I could name. It is charming on women over fifty, who have a sufficiency of hair that is soft and fluffy, and that has changed to a pretty, even tone. But it is in the nature of a tragedy for young women whose complexions, not conspicuously pink and white, cannot counteract at first sight the impression given to people of age. For grey hair does to the average person, and I think especially to men, whose observations on women's appearance, are as a rule, somewhat superficial, connote years.

UP until recently the really successful covering up of grey hair—that is making the head look natural, glossy, and utterly unsuspected, without, at the same time, producing any bad effects on the scalp—has been within the reach only of the woman who had a good deal of money to spend. And entailed distinct inconvenience besides, necessitating keeping in constant touch with your hairdresser. I am told that a prominent young diva, whom you all know, and who has black hair that she wears undulged back from her forehead has to do this, or else appear with absolutely grey hair. She even is obliged to take the hairdresser along in her private car when she goes on tour, that he may keep it in perfect color for her.

I know, too, a young and very beautiful society woman, a large part of whose beauty, however, would be lost if there were not the raven black of her tresses to contrast with an olive skin and limpid grey eyes, and who, consequently, has also to keep near New York and her hairdresser. If she goes out of town for four or five days, it has been observed that the grey has noticeably crept up from the roots by the time she returns.

BUT the chemists and toilet specialty people seem to have been at work on the problem whereby women of moderate income may have similar privileges for maintaining their youthful tresses, and with that inconvenience of the hairdresser obviated besides. If they haven't found the absolutely perfect preparation as yet, at least it is a very much improved brand over the old. And one can be assured that it will not contain any injurious ingredients to injure the scalp or hair. Provided, they say, that your system is not poisoned with uric acid, and you do not have any skin or scalp disease beforehand.

WHILE we can not offer to guarantee the absolute success of any grey hair preparation we can suggest two that are being sold by reputable people. Each acts in a different way. The one preparation is a colorless liquid which, applied from day to day, gradually restores the color of the hair to its natural shade. At the end of the first bottle your youthful hair will have returned. From then on once-a-week's application is all that is necessary. The other preparation is that of a Frenchman and consists of two liquids which are to be mixed together in such proportions—directions come, of course, for this—as will give the requisite shade. And this Monsieur claims is the *only* way the original color of the hair can be correctly attained. We leave the choice to our readers.

(If you wish further details of these preparations, write The Vanity Box, care The Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, and we shall be very glad to give them to you, and also tell you where they may be purchased.)



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Dep't. M.V.-1700 Broadway, New York.*

Miss May Leslie who charms with her dancing on the Century Roof is wondering when her Vanity Fair undersilks will ever wear out! Even dancing—which she explains pulls everything to pieces—has no effect on Vanity Fair! Miss Leslie is wearing the Vanity Fair step-in envelope chemise No. 44012 in this photograph.



Vanity Fair

SILK UNDERWEAR



WHEN asked what her favorite Vanity Fair undie was, Miss Leslie said she "just couldn't tell." She thought it wasn't any special article she liked—it was just "Vanity Fair." First, its luxuriously heavy silk that you simply can't wear out! Then its special features that make Vanity Fair so "different."

And there you have it in a nut shell! Vanity Fair glove silk makes you wonder why you ever thought silk underwear was extravagant! Its special features make you wonder why you ever thought you could wear anything but Vanity Fair!

Each article has a meaning all its own. The Vanity Fair step-in envelope chemise is the daintiest, trimmiest little thing you ever wore. Not a snap nor button on it

—it's all in one piece and you get in from the top! The shoulder straps are not stringy, perishable ribbon but hemstitched Vanity Fair glove silk.

Then there's the knicker with a double back that wears twice as long. The Sure-Lap union that stays closed through all contortions—'cause it's cut that way. The Pettibocker with all the virtues of a petti-skirtie and all the comfort of a knicker, speaks for itself. The Plus-4-Inch vest is the very last whisper in designing. Those extra four inches in length—after once you've worn a Vanity Fair—make it impossible for you to endure the ordinary silk vest!

If you have any difficulty in getting just the Vanity Fair silk underwear you wish, write to us.

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AMATEUR THEATRICALS

HOW TO ORGANIZE AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT

(Continued from page 38)

PAGEANT Rehearsals are usually in charge of an experienced professional pageant director where the Pageant is given on a large scale. Where the Pageant is given on a small scale there may be a professional director or an amateur director. In the latter case the director must see that the scenes are pictorial as well as of dramatic quality. That is, the scenes must have pictorial value; they must convey a sense of space and of finished grouping. The groups must not be "bunched" or "huddled" together. Entrances must be varied and interesting. So must exits. Suspense must be built up wherever possible. *Thought and gesture must be synchronized.* That is, the speech and the gesture must be made at the same time so that the full meaning of the scene will be carried. The action of the scenes must be planned beforehand and written down. It must accord with the limitations of the stage. There should be no movement of individuals or groups that is not natural and reasonable. The Pageant Players must speak in a natural realistic manner. Very probably they will have to use clearer and louder tones than those employed in ordinary conversation since the audience must hear what goes forward. For this reason, too, the pantomime of the Pageant must be sharp-etched and suggestive.

FOR the small celebration where no one person in the community feels equal to the task of producing the whole Pageant the best plan is to have a director for each episode, choosing the most intelligent and dramatically inclined for this position.

The principal parts should have understudies.

It cannot be said too emphatically or too often that the whole success of any Pageant depends upon whether or not Pageant participants come regularly to rehearsal.

Where the Pageant is given in a very large out-door amphitheatre a set of gesture-cues must be decided upon by the Director, so that where the lines fail to be heard in back of the stage, the gesture-cues can be seen.

THE amateur producer should see that the scenes have rhythm. Some will be dreamy and poetic with a slow movement; others will move forward with snap and swing. No scene should lag or drag. In particular the amateur producer should be warned about having the characters amble off a scene when the scene is done, instead of moving off in a brisk decisive manner as if they were really going somewhere. In poetic scenes this decisive movement should be less obvious; but there should be no dragging. Many amateur players seem to have a feeling that when their lines are spoken and the episode in which they take part is finished that their responsibility is over and that it does not matter how they get off the stage. But it does matter.

Their exit is just as important as their entrance. It is like playing a piece of music and letting the last chords ruin the whole effect by playing them carelessly.

The Pageant Players, once their scene is done, should leave the stage entirely and not be seen lurking around the edges of it. It absolutely mars a Pageant to have people of the seventeenth century peeping from behind trees to see what people of the eighteenth century are doing. It is grotesque . . . laughable . . . absurd. And thoroughly inartistic.

The scenes should follow each other in rapid succession with perhaps a minute's wait between episodes when the stage is entirely clear. This cleared stage in a pageant gives the effect of a curtain rung down in a theatre. It spaces the episodes.

THAT the Pageant Dances are first rehearsed indoors and then out-of-doors is a fact so well known that it has become trite. These dances must be under skilled direction for much of the effect of the pageant depends on them. They must enter into the mood of the Pageant and be permeated with the spirit of the scene in which they are given. They must at all times forward the action of the Pageant.

The Pageant Music intensifies the atmosphere of the Pageant, builds up the mood of the different scenes. As in the ancient Greek drama, the Pageant Chorus binds the Pageant together and acts as a kind of prologue or epilogue, since a great stretch of years have to be compressed within the Pageant. Pageant music should never be dragged in. It should be there, because the scene logically calls for it. The music should be sent for long in advance so that there will be no unnecessary hitches and delays. Whether the Pageant be on a large or a small scale there must be one full rehearsal with orchestra and chorus and Pageant participants.

MASK AND WIG CLUB

(Continued from page 39)

Club. For not all those who take part in the performance become members of the Club.

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"POMANDER WALK" at the NEW ROCHELLE HIGH-SCHOOL

POMANDER WALK"—that quaint costume play of the days of King George, with its retired crescent of old fashioned houses, in which Louis N. Parker laid the scenes of his delightful comedy, came into being at the New Rochelle High School under the skilful hands and the convincing acting of the Senior Class.

To attempt a play, depending to a large extent upon the "atmosphere" created by the stage sets, with only a small inadequate stage to accommodate the old fashioned crescent of houses, to say nothing of the background of "The river, singing of the sea so far away," which the scenic plot demanded, was a task that might have discouraged

less ambitious amateurs. But the Senior boys, under the direction of Mr. Ralph Baker, Instructor of Manual Training, produced the summer house, the five old-time houses, the lamps, the very convincing tree shown in the scene above, and under the guidance of the Instructor of Drawing, Miss Selma Engelbrekt, the background of river, trees and church steeple was effected, and last came the supreme achievement—a moon that rose!

AND then in a thoroughly business-like and professional manner these youthful players proceeded to appoint wardrobe and property

mistresses, business and publicity managers, to "put the show over"! And they succeeded. From the moment the curtain rose upon the flower-banked little by-way of Pomander Walk until the moon smiled in benevolent blessing upon four pairs of happy lovers, the interest was sustained, the youthful actors seeming really to live and feel their parts.

The most hopeful feature of the production was its promise for the future. Through the general sharing of responsibility it has established a lasting virile interest in the Drama—an interest that it is hoped will become one of the strongest unifying and vivifying forces of the school life.



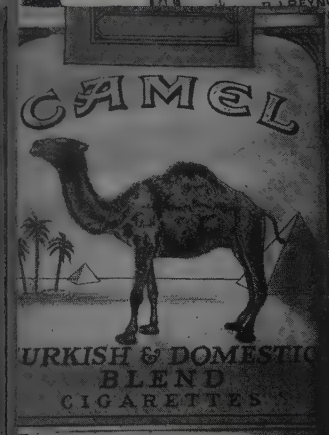
The Students of New Rochelle High School, in "Pomander Walk." From left to right: Mildred Bashore, Madame Lachesnais; Thomas Kerwin, John Sayle; Henry Domenech, Jim; Julian Kaiser, the Eyesore; Elizabeth Dunham, Mrs. Pamela Poskett; Dennis Maduro, Admiral Antrobus; Mary Mason, Nanette; John Schopp, Lieut. Sayle; Margaret Wilson, Mlle. Marjolaine Lachesnais; Winfield Weser, Rev. Jacob Sternroyd; Sarah Colwell, Jane; Lester Albertson, Jerome Brooke Hoskyn; Francis Caster, Mr. Basil Pringle; Mildred Foley, Miss Barbara Pennymint; Pearl Bragdon, Miss Ruth Pennymint; Wallace, Rainger, the Lamplighter

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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 16)

tain. Fields and Harry B. Smith are its authors. It deals with one Augustus Tripp, a well-conducted hatter by day and a cabaret fiend by night. The reconciliation of his dual personality provides the complications.

It is a rôle which fits Fields to a splendid nicety, in the which he reveals all the comic possibilities of his very earnest art.

The production is a lavish one. The scenery is showy and pretty, the costumes rich and harmonious, and the numerous girls employed measure well up to the present high standard

of Broadway pulchritude. As W. H. Post, who staged it, adopts a rattle-paced tempo, the show moves with fine dash and briskness.

Malvin M. Franklin and Robert Hood Bowers are responsible for the score. It is simple and harmonious; with one song, "Wait for Me," that is sure of wide-spread popularity. It is a big cast in which Frank Doane shines out conspicuously. The climax of acrobatic dancing seemed to have been reached in the contributions of the St. Clairs, Jessica Brown, Joe Wilmot Mermeyer, Willie Solar and Artie Leeming.

TEMPER OR TEMPERAMENT—WHICH?

(Continued from page 10)

in musical comedies. But they had an abnormal sense of their own importance, and were always making new demands upon the management, for bigger salaries and for better billing. So they left one company, and went to another, leaving the second for a third, and so on continually. At last the managers refused to engage these young women at any price, in any capacity, and it is several years since they have been seen or heard of. On the other hand, such singing and dancing sisters as the Dolls have remained absolutely unspoiled by success.

A vaudeville woman who has developed "temperament" to the 'nth

degree still manages to "get away with it," as they say in the vernacular. The stage must be cleared while she is performing. No one must linger in the wings, nothing must disturb or distract. But she does not believe in doing as she would be done by, and sometimes has her most "temperamental" spells while standing by watching someone else's act. She has frequently refused to finish a week, and has sometimes walked out after the first performance. All of which may be a clever means of creating comment and arousing curiosity. It is suspected that there is method in the madness of this particular person.

ALL SORTS OF HAMLETS

(Continued from page 8)

Sarah Bernhardt, noted delineator of exotic heroines, also presented herself as—Hamlet! Audiences were attracted out of sheer curiosity, and criticisms were penned more in sorrow than in anger. Facetious fellows declared that the title-rôle should be changed to Hamlette or Hamletina, wondering if the next impersonator of the Prince of Denmark would be—Vesta Tilley! But Bernhardt was not discouraged or dismayed, and proceeded with other masculine parts, including L'Aiglon and Shylock, playing the latter rôle with a beard, which was ridiculed as being "literally, the last straw!"

A most remarkable performance of Hamlet was given some years ago in London, when J. C. M. Bellew, an English clergyman, father of Kyrle Bellew, the well-known actor, entertained an audience of invited friends with a presentation of the Shakespearian tragedy, in which the actors played their parts in pantomime, while the reverend gentleman

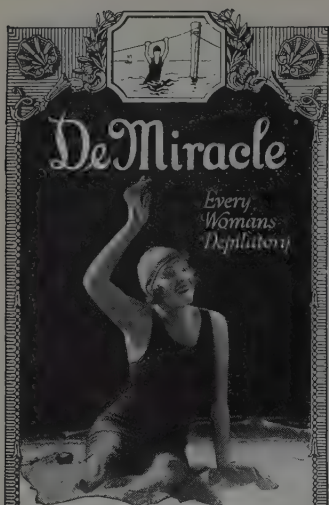
sat in the place generally reserved for the leader of the orchestra, and recited all the lines of all the characters!

During the height of "the aesthetic craze," a generation ago, while Oscar Wilde was hailed as "the high priest" in England, Edmund Russell resolved to become "the high priest" in America. He gave lessons in deportment, teaching people how to sit down and stand up in an aesthetic manner. He was taken up by smart society, and became a fashionable fad. But he sighed for new worlds to conquer, so announced an appearance at Wallack's Theatre. He was the star appeared, the friends applauded and the foes hooted, but, before long the whole house united in laughing outright, for Mr. Russell bent over and ripped his tights, at the same time almost losing his toupee! As a wag remarked at the time, Edmund Russell split more than "the ears of the groundlings!"

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tender melancholy of this melody. "When You See Another Sweetie Hanging Around," sung by Adele Rowland, is a number that taunts a not-too-faithful lover with the jealousy that will be his when another takes his place. "Mammy o' Mine," on the other side of this record, has a wonderful swing to it, and is just as rich in ragtime.—Adv.



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AMATEUR THEATRICALS

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY DRAMATICS

AT its reorganization three years ago, the New York University Dramatic Society declared its independence of the type of production which had for a number of years engaged the fruitless efforts of both its student members and its faculty advisors. Alleged musical comedy not only had failed to engage the sympathy of the students at large, but also had proved its inability to enlist the enthusiasm and full support of its perpetrators and promoters. A new theory of dramatic production motivated the first presentations of the reformed organization when it began its new work with performances of the old Miracle play. "Abraham and Isaac," of the Medieval farce "Pierre Patelin," and of scenes from "King John." Despite the opposition usually encountered by a reform, these plays were adequately produced. But the notion of the home-made music-farce had not been dispelled completely; and a few straggling efforts to revive the slapstick, chorus-boy variety-show made ineffectual bids for support.

THE full result of this pioneer work was felt only when, having survived the army of occupation known as the S. A. T. C., the Uni-

versity resumed its normal activities last January. Then, a small group of men, influenced by their experience in the plays already performed, urged members of the Faculty to support them in a spring production. Immediately, Carey C. D. Briggs, of the Department of Public Speaking, heartily undertook to prepare a performance of Molière's farce, "The Doctor in Spite of Himself," in English, and Randolph Somerville, of the Department of English, put into rehearsal Lady Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon" and Lord Dunsany's "The Murderers." The interest shown in the selection of casts was revolutionary.

An appreciable portion of the unusual interest displayed in college dramatics at New York University may be attributed to two things: the type of play selected for performance; and the influence exerted by the appearance before the student assembly of three generous men of the theatre: Stuart Walker, Walter Hampden, and Louis Calvert, who simulated a keen interest in the ideals of the professional stage—the ideals which have, in their realization, given New York an unusual *Hamlet*, and richly imaginative plays of Lord Dunsany.



HUNTER COLLEGE PRESENTS "A THOUSAND YEARS AGO"

(Continued from page 37)

mittee met to consider possible plays, choose a date for the performance, and make all necessary arrangements for the production. After the play had been chosen with the aid of suggestions from the student body, the members of the cast were selected by means of competitive "try-outs" open to the College at large, the seven members of the student committee and five members of the faculty acting as judges. After the cast had been chosen and rehearsals begun, the members of the various committees took charge of all the work in their respective departments.

CONTRARY to the usual custom of having costumes made by the girls, basing their designs upon ideas gotten through study at the Metropolitan Museum, the New York Public Library, and previous productions, this year's costumes came from Miller's Antique Shop, and the girls were "made-up" by a professional. The costumes of the ushers, however, were designed and made by the students themselves. The scenery, which was designed by Miss Beulah Stevenson, was constructed and painted by the girls on the scenery committee, from the sawing of the wood to the final daub of paint. Other students made all the business arrangements. The stage-manager worked out her own light-plots and took charge of the management of the lights. The publicity manager saw to it that wide-spread publicity

was given to the play by means of advance notices in the leading New York newspapers, numberless posters in the college halls, and weekly articles in the college newspaper. Not a single detail of the production but was worked out by some member of the student body. Even the music, which was of truly professional quality, was supplied by the college orchestra and conducted by Florence Rube, the chairman of music.

AN unusual idea which has made for the improvement of each year's play is the keeping of notebooks by each member of the committee, in which are noted from time to time, criticisms of details of the production and suggestions for future improvements. These books are handed down from year to year and form valuable handbooks for use in future productions.

"A Thousand Years Ago" is the fifth Varsity play to be given by Hunter College. Each performance has helped to bring all the members of the college together, for practically every girl in the college helped in some way to make the play a success, and to make the College better known because of its dramatic work. This year's performance was undoubtedly the most artistic the Hunter has ever given, and there is no lack of indications that future productions will not fail to reach the high mark set by the production of "A Thousand Years Ago."

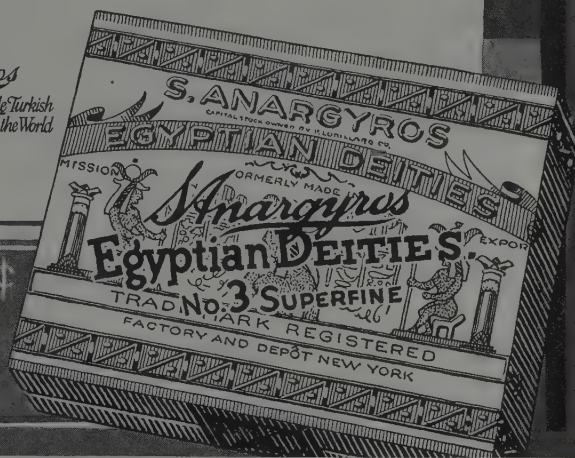
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From a photograph by Abbe

LILLIAN GISH

FORMER child actress, now a film star. An ex-protegeé of Belasco, the possibilities of her winsome personality attracted the attention of D. W. Griffith, who featured her in his spectacular film production "The Birth of a Nation." She is now playing the leading feminine rôle in Griffith's new film, "Broken Blossoms," at the Cohan Theatre

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



MOVIE-MAD! MOVIE-MAD!

By EDGAR CARTWIN

Is everyone in this country going movie-mad? That is the question. Most certainly within the last few years, the European War notwithstanding, the ubiquitous movies have come to be regarded as our most popular floor sport. Men are more fond of baseball than women, but everyone is crazy about the movies. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, man, mistress, maid and child—all enjoy the democracy of the movie. While they are laughing or sobbing over the acting of Mary Pickford, thrilling at the latest daredevil deed of William S. Hart, gaping at the extent of the wardrobe of Virginia Pearson or grinning in sympathy with the million-dollar smile of Douglas Fairbanks, the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are more sisters under their skin. As a leveller of ranks, the movies are more potent than Bolshevism—and far less bloody. And they have done more to put the bar-room out of commission than William Jennings Bryan and the Prohibitionists in captivity.

A THOUSAND EYES

Speaking of prohibition, by the way, I am convinced that when the hilarious highball and the cunning cocktail are "one with Nineveh and pre," we shall be more movie-mad than ever. Instead of going out ever and anon in the evening to buy some friend a "little drink" and talk politics over the polished bar, while a kindly gentleman in a white apron hovers sympathetically near to "fill 'em up again," the interfamilias will invite his next-door neighbor, or the prisoner who occupies the next cell in his apartment house to "have a movie on." And they will hie them to the nearest movie emporium, talking business or politics on the way, and then sit in a dim auditorium with the inebriate of soft drinks in their nostrils, while "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," smiles his Quaker



Oats smile for the 'steenth time and jumps from his eighty-second window.

The movie is the handmaiden of the millions. It fetches and carries for them from all quarters of the world; it bulges their eyes by showing them queer inhabitants at the bottom of the sea; it initiates them into the mysteries of preparing sponges for the market; it astounds them by intimate glimpses into the animal kingdom; it spies upon the flowers when they are expanding under the sultry kiss of the sun; it shows them doughboys preparing to lick the Hun—and it shows them licking him; it sits down to dinner with General Pershing and arises in the morning with Premier Clemenceau; it brings to life David Copperfield and Mr. Micawber, and makes more vivid the colorful yarns of O. Henry. Like the night, it has a thousand eyes, and these eyes are constantly working overtime in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the globe, bringing their finds to Tom McCarthy and Maggie O'Flaherty as they sit in gum-chewing bliss before the wonder-screen. The movie prestidigitator goes aloft with the aviator and reveals the wonders of flying, then hikes over to Russia and shows us how the busy little Bolshevist doth improve each shining hour. The movies even show us President Wilson changing his mind every minute over the European situation!

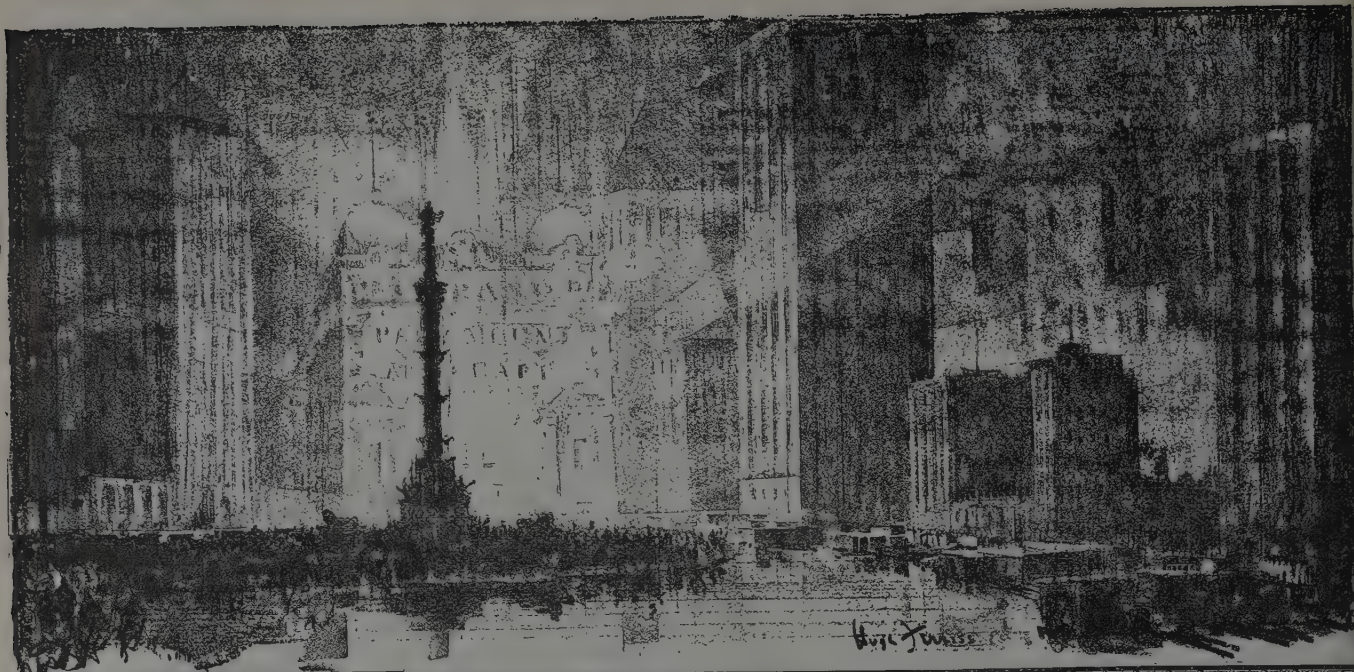
FEATS OF THE CAMERA

Talk about Aladdin and his wonderful lamp or the magic carpet of Bagdad! Why, the things that they could do were old wives' tales compared with the feats of the modern movie. Does "Bill" Hart want a camp of Indians through which he can dash on his trusty little horse

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Looking out over Los Angeles from the surrounding Hollywood trees is the rustic little home which Charlie Chaplin brought his young wife





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Ethel Clayton in "MEN, WOMEN AND MONEY"
*Dorothy Dalton in "OTHER MEN'S WIVES"
Dorothy Gish in "I'LL GET HIM YET"
Lila Lee in "A DAUGHTER OF THE WOLF"
"Oh! You Women"
A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin in "AN INNOCENT ADVENTURE"
Shirley Mason in "THE FINAL CLOSE-UP"
*Charles Ray in "HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT"
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Bryant Washburn in "PUTTING IT OVER"

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"The Silver King"
starring William Faversham
"The False Faces"
A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"
Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
Maurice Tourneur's Production "THE WHITE HEATHER"
"Secret Service" starring Robert Warwick

Arctcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production
"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in
"THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO"
Elsie Ferguson in "THE AVALANCHE"
D. W. Griffith's Production
"TRUE HEART SUSIE"
*William S. Hart in
"SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON"
Mary Pickford in "CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."
Fred Stone in "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy
"A DESERT HERO"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
"HEARTS AND FLOWERS"
"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HIM"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy
"THE 'CON' IN ECONOMY"
Paramount-Drew Comedy "SQUARED"

Paramount-Bray Pictograph—

One each week

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel
Pictures—One each week

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NEW YORK



he rescues the latest damsel in distress? All right, please ship one thousand Indians, f. o. b. nowhere in California, and the Mammoth Movie Company will foot the bill. And, presto! it is done—just like that!

Nothing is impossible in movie land. It is a magic country, inhabited by beings who are just as outlandish and fantastic as those Alice encountered when she stepped through the looking glass. Saunter through this movie land and you feel that your latest nightmare has come true. At one moment you brush elbows with Julius Caesar and then hobnob the next with Abraham Lincoln and Benvenuto Cellini. Dozens of pretty little girls are there with curly Pickford ringlets, all striving desperately to out-Pickford Pickford. And here comes a man with a funny flat-footed walk and a little cane. Is it Charley Chaplin? No, but his manager will tell you that he is "just as good as Chaplin."

ALICE IN MOVIE LAND

Our own Alice went through this movie wonderland the other day and she has not recovered yet. She had not been there a minute before she was dumfounded to see President Wilson chatting merrily with Lucretia Borgia. Alice had as her guide a witchet-faced, gimlet-eyed young man who answered to the name of Pete Pratt, as smooth a gentleman as ever rubbed a cripple or double-crossed a friend. His language was a sort of movie patois, strange and wonderful. Alice was also astonished to see the walrus and the stage carpenter having an animated discussion with David Crockett and St. Paul, but Pete Pratt told her that was nothing unusual.

"Once I saw Joanna Ark havin' a bowl of Java with Oliver Cromwell," he said, "an' Bill Shakespeare wasassin' them saltines. Can you eat it?"

"Oh, look at the fat man on the velocipede!" Alice cried suddenly. "Who is that?"

Pete looked at her with infinite pity.

"I didn't know there wuz anybody in de world what wasn't hep to him," he said sadly. "Why that gink is the biggest scream in the movies 'cep' Charley Chaplin. He makes more gilt in a minnit than I makes in a year."

"Who is he?" asked Alice patiently.

"FATTY ARBUCKLE!" said Pete explosively.

As they walked on, Alice found herself surrounded by a troop of sinister-looking, dark-haired women, who walked with the tread of panthers and looked predatory. Involuntarily, she shuddered and drew closer to Pete.

"What are they seeking?" she asked in alarm.

"Huh! Them's 'vamps,'" said Pete.

"Vamps!" cried Alice in bewilderment. "Why, I thought vamps were things in shoes."

"Not in movie land," said her disgusted guide. "In our dictionary a 'vamp' is a glassy-eyed beauty what is always lookin' for a simp to bleed."

"A simp!" exclaimed Alice, more bewildered than ever.

"Soitintly, soitintly! The simp is the poor boob what falls for her. Get me?"

"No," said Alice politely, "but I thank you just the same."

They walked on!

"Look there!" cried Alice excitedly. "There is William Jennings Bryan and the Kaiser drinking grape juice together."

"Huh! Them's both phonies," explained her guide. "Them two guys is just supers. They've got walkin' jobs in a new fillum called 'Prohibition an' Kaiserism; or, The Twin Hells.'"

They walked on and Alice exclaimed in wonder to see the ice-clad summits of the Alps close at hand. While gazing upward, she almost walked into Niagara Falls and then stepped back in terror from a fiery lava pit that boiled and hissed almost at her feet.

"Don't be afraid, little girl," said a kindly voice, and our own Alice turned with a start to find herself gazing straight into the face of George Washington.

ALL CAMOUFLAGE

"Little girl," said Washington, "I cannot tell a lie. Them things are not real that you just looked at. They're camouflage."

"I-I beg your pardon," stammered Alice timidly, "but I thought you were dead long ago. And 'camouflage' is a word that came out of the

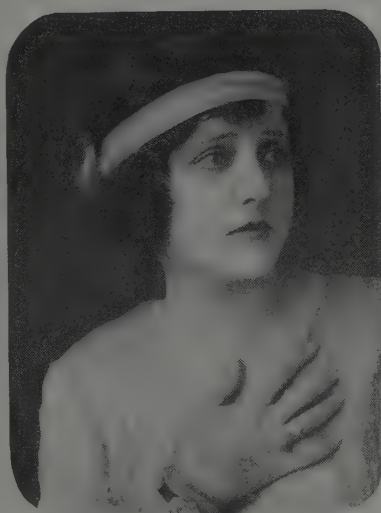
European War. They didn't have camouflage in your day."

Washington winked at her.



Hartsook

John B. O'Brien, the well-known screen director who endeared himself to movie fans by his remarkable film production, "Hulda From Holland," with Mary Pickford. As Vice-President and Director General of the Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc., Mr. O'Brien has now another film triumph to his credit—the six-reel master feature, "The Bishop's Emeralds," a picture just released and conceded by press critics to be one of the best directed productions of English Society drama yet seen on the screen



Dolores Cassinelli, a daughter of sunny Italy, who combines the fine emotional ability of Alla Nazimova with classic beauty. Known as the Cameo Girl, on account of her remarkable profile, this film artiste's first picture for the Albert Capellani Productions bears the decidedly prosaic title, "The Gutter"



Campbell



Witzel

Enid Bennett will be seen shortly in a mystery ghost picture by C. Gardner Sullivan under the Ince banner.

(Center)

Catherine Calvert, admired as much for her acting as her beauty, will be seen shortly in a picturization of Elinor Glyn's novel "The Career of Katharine Bush"



MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON

"The Velvet-Eyed Lady of the Screen," who has just achieved a notable success as Lady Hester in "The Bishop's Emeralds"—the first production of the Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc. Miss Pearson will soon be featured in the delightful and humorous rôle of "Impossible Catherine"

"Oh, my dear young lady," he said, "every day had its camouflage. Actions by any other would be as deceitful. I assure you that in day we put one over on the enemy whenever got the chance. As a matter of fact, I am camouflage myself."

"—I don't understand," gasped Alice.

"Then get this, kid," said Washington, and flung off his powdered wig with a flourish, he played to the amazement of Alice the plain German features of Mike McGraw, the South Brooklyn matinée idol.

"You see," said Pete Pratt in a hoarse whisper, "thin' ain't what it seems in this dump. We wed a picture last week with a swell Venice scene. In one of them classy gondollars Harold X. Limebush, the beautifullest actor on the screen. What do you tink he was n'?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Alice wildly.

"He was whisperin' love dope into the transmitter of the leadin' loidy. An' where do you tink we took that pickshur?"

"I am sure I don't know," repeated Alice like a person under the influence of ether.

"It was the big lake in Prospect Park—in Brooklyn. Do you get that?" asked Pete, with a thin cackle of laughter. "*Brooklyn!*"

Further on, Alice saw Benjamin Franklin eating a ham sandwich with Judas Iscariot.

"He is in bad company, don't you think?" asked Alice. She spoke in a very small voice, for her amazing experiences had made her feel as crazy as the Mad Hatter, and she was beginning to doubt her own existence.

"They are just supers," said Pete disdainfully.

"But they are not eating soup," protested Alice. "They are eating ham sandwiches."

"We call 'em supers when they just fill in," explained Pete. "They ain't got much to do."

"But Benjamin Franklin was an awful great man. He—"

"I know," said Pete, "he founded the sateve-post."

"Of course," said Alice in an even smaller voice. "I hadn't thought of that."

She felt that the facts that had been carefully fed to her by her father and mother were disagreeing with her horribly.

It was a sort of mental indigestion and she didn't like it a bit.

"I know what's the matter with you, little girl," said Pete with rough friendliness.

"What?" she asked, raising her hand to her head with a dazed gesture.

"You are movie-mad," he said seriously. "We all are."

MOVIE MEN HONOR CHARLES PATHÉ



At the Hotel Astor, this city, on June 10 last, a dinner was given to Mr. Charles Pathé, head of the world organization that bears his name, by his associates and friends, the occasion marking the eve of Mr. Pathé's departure for France after a brief business visit here.

Seventy-five covers were laid, among the invited guests being some of the best-known men in the motion picture world. Among others present were: Louis Meyer, President of the

Virginia Pearson Photoplays, Inc.; Charles Gatchell, Editor of Pictureplay Magazine; E. K. Lettice, of the Motion Picture News; E. C. Finch, George B. Seitz, Frank Milhauser, G. Chanier, Adolphe Bo, L. G. Gasnier, S. Abeles, W. S. Jesslin, L. S. Amund, J. W. Kyle, O. Brooks, Elmer Pearson, Harry Lewis, J. T. Richards, W. Allers, J. Mumm, G. A. Gray, F. Bruner, Robert Welch, P. A. Parsons, Randolph Lewis, H. E. Enet, Mr. Alicoate, C. Smith, Fred Chapin, A. E.

Pousseau, P. Barbier, L. E. Franconi, E. Cohen, R. Clarke, A. Miller, A. Adatte, C. J. Fischer, Werkmesiter, C. Julien, C. A. Brady and Bardet.

The Governors of thirty-seven states contributed to the occasion personal appreciation of Mr. Pathé and his educational and patriotic work and forecast of the cinema's future. Mr. Louis Landry, Assistant General Manager, on behalf of the staff of the home office, presented Mr. Pathé with an inscribed cigarette case and watch safe. William Raynor, Manager of the New York branch, presented the distinguished chief with a desk set from the branch Managers.

Mr. Paul Brunet, Vice-President and General Manager in a brief address of greeting said:

"I am truly happy to welcome you here on this most pleasant occasion. Most pleasant because it means to many of us a renewal of personal association with Mr. Pathé, who has been for a

long time away from us and can now be with us but for a little while. Most pleasant, too, since he has found us of the Clan of the Red Rooster flourishing and filled with energy, optimism and ambition. Most pleasant, too, because the Pathé Exchange has achieved heights from which we may see far; and wide as is the field of our vision, we can see nothing but the success which will surely crown our efforts. We are gathered here to do honor to the man who gave to the world the industry which today ranks as

which he will find we possess when he comes to these shores again. Doing well, we propose to do better. That is the spirit which has always animated Mr. Pathé and it has brought him far. And the same spirit will take us far also!"

In reply, Mr. Pathé said:

"Before leaving America, I have called you all together on this occasion to express to you all the satisfaction I have felt during my stay amongst you. The success of the business of Pathé Exchange is due in a large degree to its

manager, Mr. Brunet, who has risen with the organization. He can and ought to serve as an example to you all—who are his immediate colleagues—of what any one who gives himself up entirely to his profession and his work, may aspire to. To have only one vital preoccupation—that of the work you have to do—is sufficient to obtain success, which means to attain an enviable situation in the profession you follow. Concentration on your work takes the place of genius, if there really exists such a thing.

For my part, I have



Vernon Steele and Elsie Ferguson in the forthcoming Arcraft picture "The Avalanche"

the fifth largest in the United States; which has penetrated to the utmost corners of the earth; which is the chief amusement of tens of millions; which gives a livelihood to vast numbers; and which is destined to be one of the greatest of all instruments of entertainment and education—the Motion Picture! We are glad to personally do this honor to Mr. Pathé when we remember that his own government has signally honored him and that the Governors of most of the States of the Union have also honored him with their personal messages of appreciation. Gentlemen, it means something to be associated with Mr. Pathé. Little time is given tonight for speeches so I cannot say the many things I would like to say. You, friends of the House of Pathé, will be glad to know that I have expressed to Mr. Pathé for you and myself, the belief that we have in common—that prosperous as he finds us on this all too brief visit of his, it is as nothing compared to the lustiness

never known anyone who really succeeded in life without doing more work daily than he was really obliged to by the strict limitation of the duty imposed on him by his engagements. Sooner or later the man or woman who follows this programme is observed in a business house and the extended knowledge which is thus forcibly acquired is made use of and paid for as it deserves to be. The business of Pathé Exchange which has considerably increased during the past year, is still capable of considerable increase. Its future is in your hands and for this reason it is my desire to interest you in a large measure in its welfare. I intend to return to New York next October and purpose studying with Mr. Brunet an arrangement with the intention of making all the immediate colleagues of the Administrative, Industrial and Commercial Management share in the profits of Pathé Exchange, Inc. Mr. Brunet and myself hope, in this way, to increase the personal activity of each of you,

MOVIE fans often ask me why certain exhibitors expect them to sit through an orchestral and vocal concert when all they want are pictures. I confess I don't know the answer to the riddle. Do you?

CAMERA FLASHES

By the Captious Critic



PROPOS of the recent outcry about loose morals on the stage—and off, a mother writes:

"There is much to praise in the movies, but also much to condemn. I, for one, protest against those exhibitions which make a feature of immoral women. To all right-thinking persons the 'vampire' is the lowest of all feminine types, but, unfortunately, our daughters don't see the danger with our experienced eyes. Bad women fascinate them. They copy their looks, their gestures and too often, alas, their morals. Only the other day I heard a young girl announce unblushingly, that she was learning to 'vamp.' What is the world coming to?"

T. B.—L. G. and sister vamps please take notice!

SOME BRIDE," the new Viola Dana picture, is the story of jealousy, the horrible green-eyed monster, who creeps into the tiny dovecote of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morley, just married, and follows them in their travels from the mountains to the shore, stirring up trouble and dodging into the shadows to grin while eager mutual friends endeavor to patch up the quarrels of the impetuous couple, until the great light dawns and love reigns supreme. Viola is, of course, the star and bride. One of the most striking scenes of the picture shows the masque ball in which all the players and extras appear in the guise of birds and beasts of the barnyard quite after the manner of Rostand's "Chantecler."

IN her recent release, "THE NEW MOON"—a somewhat lurid tale of Soviet Russia—Norma Talmadge, resplendent as a princess of the Czar's household and wearing a tiara that must have cost at least a billion rubles, has to flee the Palace to escape the blood-thirsty reds who break in while a Court ball is in progress. To avoid notice of hostile eyes, the terrified princess covers her dainty shoulders with a peasant's shawl, but in her haste she quite forgets the billion dollar tiara which must have had the dazzling effect of a headlight on a dark

country road on whoever she chanced to meet. A stage director's blunder this, or merely the pardonable vanity of a pretty woman? In any case, Norma, you'd better remove the tiara or the Bolsheviki will sure get you, if you don't watch out.

THE film story of Helen Keller's life, shortly to be shown in one of the Shubert theatres, should prove a highly interesting screen feature and something quite out of the ordinary. The very title, "Deliverance," is full of significance showing as it does the childhood, girlhood and womanhood of this remarkable woman who by sheer force of will-power and intellect, finally triumphed over the terrible bodily handicap Nature put upon her until today she is one of

the guiding spiritual figures in the life of the nation. The fact that George Foster Platt, the well-known scenic artist, is directing the production ensures an adequate setting.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, the well-known novelist, whose story, "The Avalanche," with Elsie Ferguson, was released by Arcraft recently, has always declined to write for the stage on the ground that the theatre, as at present conducted, can never do entire justice to the author. Her attitude to the motion picture is, however, entirely different. As one of the authors of the Eminent Authors' Pictures, Inc., recently organized by Rex Beach and Samuel Goldwyn, she says:

"I have always believed in the great future of the moving pictures, and resented for more reasons than one the 'highbrow' attitude taken toward them by second-rate 'intellectuals.' Nothing so beneficent has ever been invented, nothing that has brought so much diversion and cheer into the drab lives of millions of people too poor to go to the theatre, or living in small towns where plays on tour rarely penetrated. And as for the war, the majority of our vast population would not have known before 1917 of its existence if it

had not been for the movies.

THERE are certain penalties attached to being known as the best-dressed star in filmland. Virginia Pearson, for instance, receives letters daily asking not only for autographed photos, but sometimes for money, jewelry, or perhaps for a certain gown that the writer has admired. One girl wanted the actress' sable coat when she finished wearing it. New Yorkers have the reputation of being nerry, but as these letters come from all over the world they prove that New York has no monopoly in that direction.

Pity the movie star. Even her clothes are not her own!

RUPERT HUGHES' new story, "The Cup of Fury," will be the first film released by the Eminent Authors' Pictures, Inc. Some corporation name—what? A subscriber writes asking if Shakespeare and the late Elbert Hubbard are eminent enough to be eligible for membership. I should imagine they would be. Bill Shakespeare wrote some powerful good poetry in his day and when it came to slinging forcible English, the picturesquely Elbert was hard to beat.



ETHEL CLAYTON

The screen favorite has one distinct advantage over the legitimate star. Instead of having to live in hotels and travel about the country in draughty trains, she can have a beautiful home in Sunny California where most of the motion picture studios are. Here is Ethel Clayton, the Paramount star, seen recently in "Men, Women and Money," enjoying all the comforts of a shady porch after a strenuous morning rehearsing her new picture, "Miss Hobbs"



From a camera study by Abbe

MAE MARSH

THE screen boasts of many idols and by no means the least among them is Miss Marsh whose quaint ways and sympathetic, artistic personality has made her screen work quite individual. In such pictures as "Polly of the Circus," and her latest release, "Spotlight Sadie," she won many admirers

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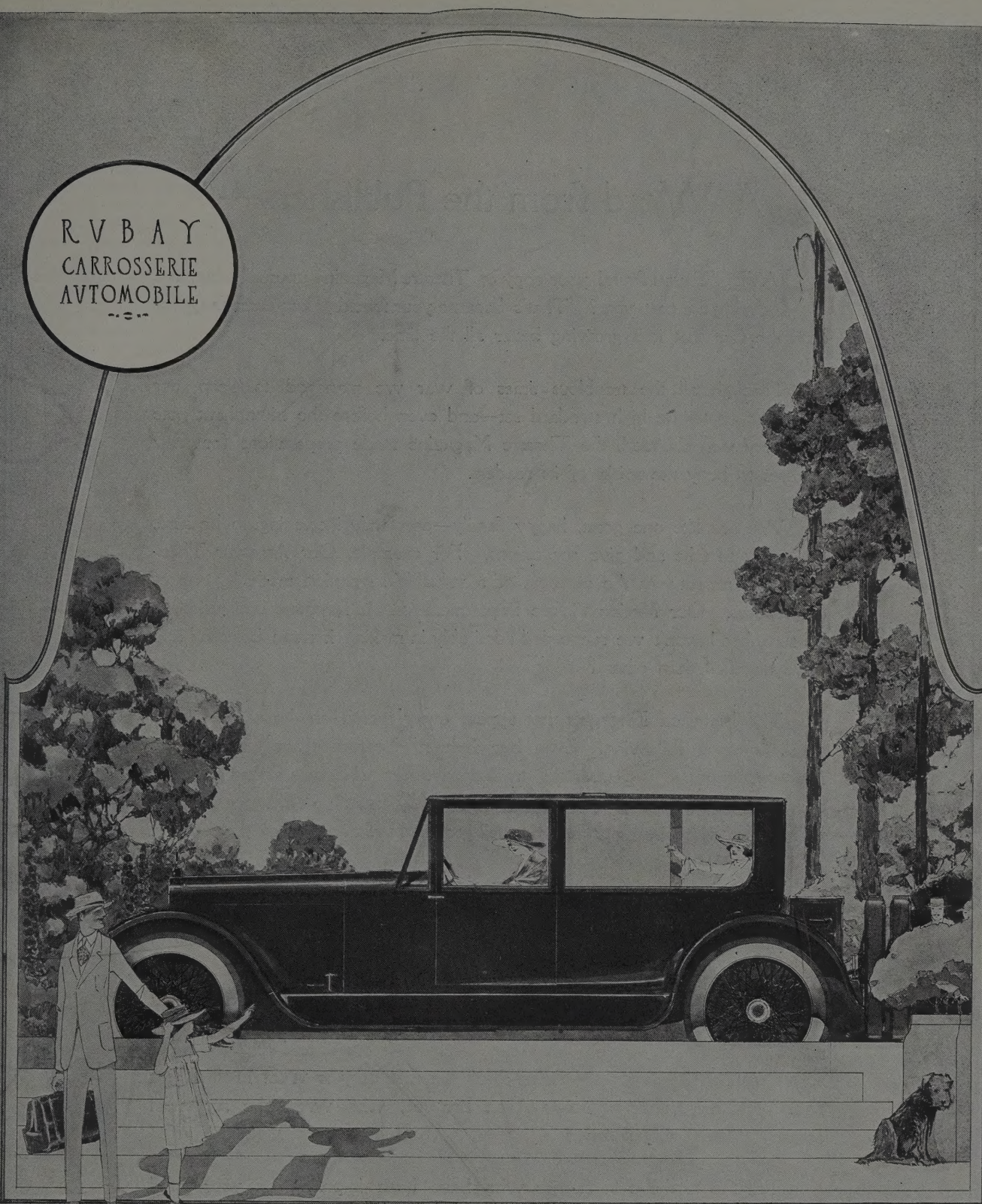
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A Word from the Publishers—

HAVEN'T you found your copy of Theatre Magazine unusually thumbed during the past year? That's because your friends, like yourself, appreciate the fact that it is growing better all the time.

Through all the troublous times of war we managed to keep our magazine up to the high standard set—and even before the triumphant note of victory was sounded, the Theatre Magazine made preparations for new features to buoy the spirits of its readers.

We are like one great, happy family—constantly increasing, to be sure, but ready to take and give suggestions. For example, Our Amateur Theatrical Department was the outcome of a valuable suggestion made by one of our readers. Our Motion Picture Department was a foregone conclusion, to be sure, but haven't we succeeded admirably in making it more beautiful and more dignified than others?

The Hamilton King girls that appear every month on the cover have a great, admiring following. Even our fashion department we felt could be improved upon, so we instituted a distinctive and elaborate fashion section, edited by Pauline Morgan, starting with the July issue. We know that this will be met with hearty applause by well-groomed women all over the country.

We were just getting ready to make the greatest announcement of all—but find that our editor has “stolen a march” on us and told you something about it on the opposite page.

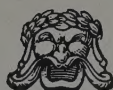
Starting with the September issue we are going to publish a short fiction story every month, written by prominent authors and with plots that surround the theatrical world. We can divulge this much, and since the editor won't mention it—we will—the title of the first story is “Not Press Agent Stuff” and the author is Lewis Allen Browne, who wrote the successful comedy “Please Get Married.”

Tell this to the dear friends who have been imposing on your good nature and borrowing your magazine every month. (Just think—they might forget to return it, and then you would be short one copy from your collection.) You may also tell them that their \$4.00 for a yearly subscription to Theatre Magazine will be just as acceptable as yours.



THEATRE MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1919



THE war is over, peace is signed, and everybody is ready for fun and frolic once more.

The theatre has come into its own again! The season of 1919-20 will find Broadway more dazzling and brighter than ever before.

With the launching of the new productions, new stars and new dramatists comes the September number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Beginning with the new season, why not become a regular playgoer? No, you don't have to attend all the premières. Just read the THEATRE MAGAZINE each month. It contains all there is to know about the most fascinating of all subjects—the stage.



WE'VE got a surprise for our readers!

It's to be something that's never appeared in the THEATRE MAGAZINE before, and it's a treat!

A theatrical fiction story in the September number!

Players are the most interesting people in the world, their lives are the most exciting, their careers the most startling and their personalities the most bewitching.

Well—this is to be a story about the world of the stage. No, we're not going to tell you whether it will be sentimental, melodramatic, romantic or farcical.

As we said before, it's a s'prise! Read the September issue and see for yourself!



YOU know Granville Barker, don't you?

He's the world-famous theatrical producer who came to this country several seasons ago and gave us "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" and the gold-fairied "Midsummer Night's Dream."

He's not only a distinguished author, but an actor and manager as well.

Have you ever wondered how plays are rehearsed, how stupendous productions are managed so that they are played with clock-like regularity.

Then read 'Rehearsing a Play,' the first of two important articles, by Granville Barker, to appear in the September THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Such an eminent authority as he has surely something interesting to tell you.



EVERYONE must take off his hat to Flo Ziegfeld for one thing—he knows how to pick beauties.

His "Follies" have the pick of lovely girls. One is prettier than the other and there seems to be no end of them.

There are blondes, brunettes, and auburn-haired beauties, dainty misses and tall, slender, graceful girls, and magnificent women. Where does Mr. Ziegfeld find this host of feminine pulchritude?

The September issue will tell you in "How I Pick Beauties," by Flo Ziegfeld.



WOULD you like to know what happens around Broadway?

Would you like to hear the funny experiences famous stars have when they dine out, or go promenading, or buy new clothes?

We thought you would! So the next number will contain a column full of theatrical witticisms that will bring you close to Broadway.

Everyone is saying, "Give a thought to Broadway." We say, "Get a laugh from Broadway."

Read "Round Broadway," our sprightly column in the September THEATRE MAGAZINE.



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Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture, and should be used together to secure a perfect reproduction.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month

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Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.



SOUSA
and his Band